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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

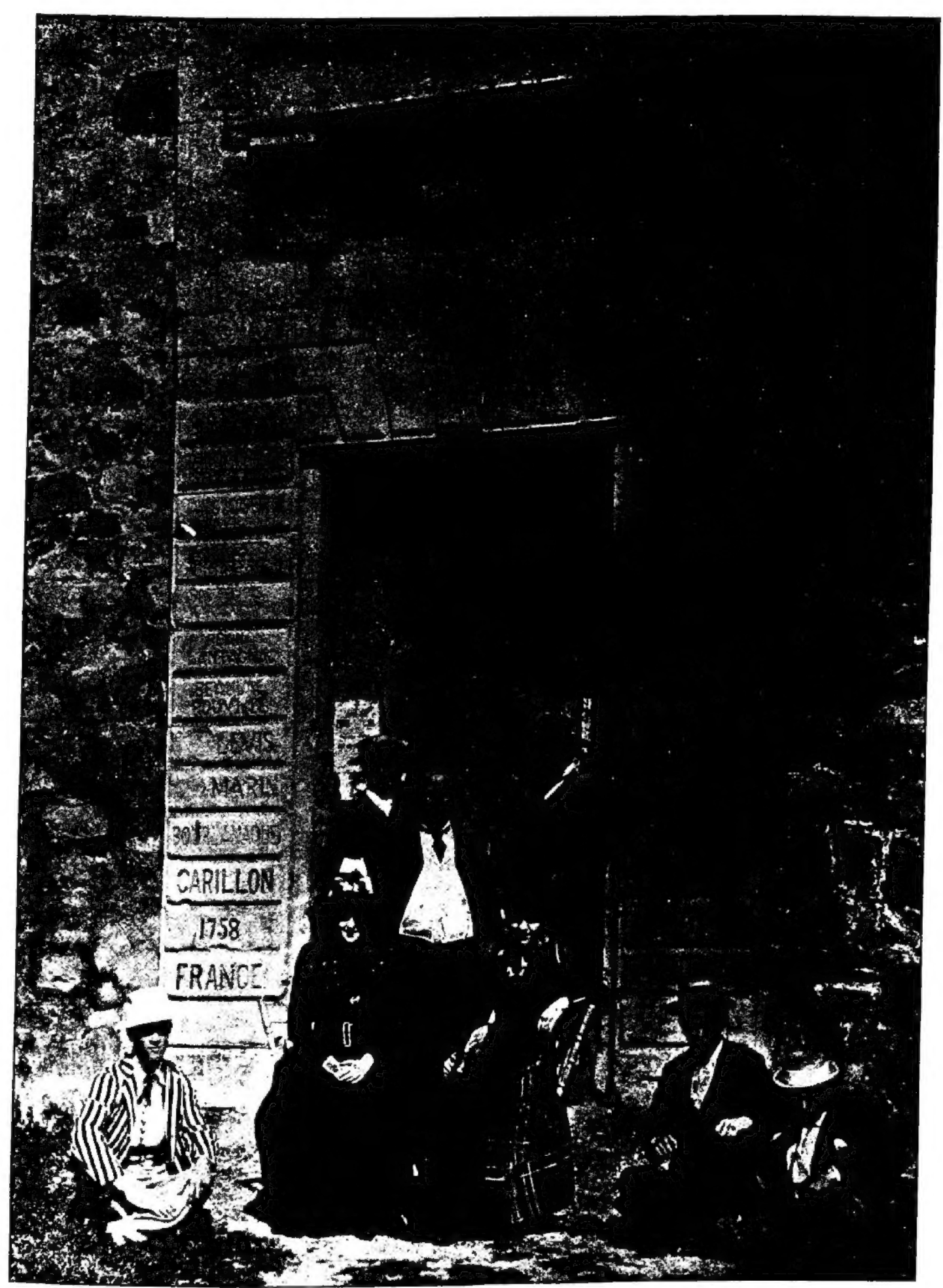
TRADE MARK  
Vol. V.—No. 112.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 23rd AUGUST, 1890.

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MAIN GATE OF OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY, P.Q. (Cumming, photo.)



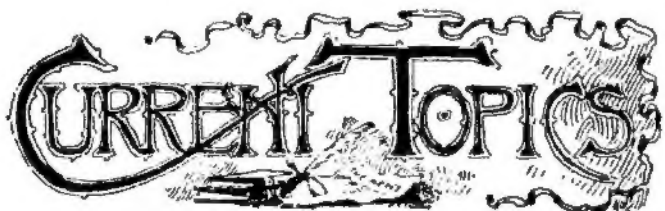
# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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23rd AUGUST, 1890.



It is an unhappy coincidence that, just when there seemed a possibility of France and England coming to a satisfactory settlement on the Newfoundland question, the Government of the Republic should have been offended by the Anglo-German agreement. Instead of serving as a precedent that might be cited as applicable to the French shore, the surrender of Heligoland only aggravates the supposed slight of the Zanzibar protectorate. Nor is that the only new point raised by the agreement. The French wish to have their sphere of influence on the African continent defined on a basis as favorable as the new settlement is, in their opinion, to England and Germany. M. Deloncle, who has constituted himself the champion of French interests in Africa, has been telling the world that it was France that first opened the interior; that it was France that sacrificed most men and spent most money there; that it was her missionaries who defied danger and endured hardships more than those of any other European country. Whatever becomes of the East Coast, he insists that the basins of Lake Tchad and the Niger must belong to France. "We ought," he says, "to be at home from Lake Tchad to the Egyptian frontier on the east, the Tripolitan frontier on the north, the Tunisian frontier, the Algerian frontier, and the Morocco frontier on the north-west. All the Sahara ought to belong to us. It is, strictly speaking, all the Touareg region included between South Morocco and Adrar on the west, and the Tripolitan Fez, Tibesti, and Borku on the east." M. Deloncle's protests and claims have not been fruitless, and for extent of sovereignty and suzerainty (as far as Europe has the right to grant it) France will not be greatly behind her rivals. The desert of Sahara will, of course, detract from its value; but, whether M. de Lesseps' inland sea be made an accomplished fact, or the great wilderness be traversed (as some propose) by railways, France seems determined to be mistress of the wild. But in seizing the desert she does not relax her hold on Newfoundland.

It is satisfactory to have the assurance that the harvest this year will be above the average both in yield and excellence. We have already given what may be considered a modest estimate of the North-Western wheat crop. Latest advices favour the opinion that the Manitoba crop is more likely to be over than under the 15,000,000 bushels of our previous forecast. The farmers of the prairie province may safely be congratulated on profits that will amply compensate them for their toil and anxiety. From Ontario the reports are, on the whole, most encouraging. Fall wheat has done remarkably well, and spring wheat better than the average in recent years. There are, as might be expected, complaints from less favoured localities, the rust having affected some crops. Fear of the McKinley tariff deterred some of the more far-seeing farmers from sowing the ordinary extent of barley. Last year the barley exported from Canada to the United States was

valued at \$7,721,000, so that it is vain to ignore the gravity to our farmers of the projected change. Those who look to the English market may, however, succeed with the two-rowed variety, of which a considerable quantity has been sown. The weather of the last week or so has not been without an element of danger, but we hope that the crops will have had vitality enough to pass through the ordeal unscathed.

Mr. Swinburne's latest production, "Russia: an Ode," written after reading the account of Russian Prisons in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, is not likely to further his candidacy for the Laureateship. Tennyson did, indeed, call the Czar Nicholas a "giant liar," but when "Maud" was written the Czar Nicholas was England's enemy. Besides, the relations between the royal family and the house of Romanoff were not as yet cemented by those marriages which make the younger members of both so near akin. When questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, Sir James Ferguson, representing Lord Salisbury, said that the Government could not undertake to be responsible for Mr. Swinburne's ravings—a reply which he could hardly have made if Mr. Swinburne had been an officer of Her Majesty's Household. To make him court poet now would be taken as a deliberate insult to the Czar.

It is not the first time, however, that the author of "Atalanta" has taunted the tyrants of the North. "The White Czar," written years before the assassination of Alexander II., has all the force to-day of a prophecy fulfilled. It appears that in 1877 an English magazine published a translation of some "insolent lines" addressed by a Russian poet to the Empress of India. This insult to his Queen stirred Mr. Swinburne's indignant loyalty, and he replied to it by a sonnet addressed to the Czar and beginning with these lines:

"Gehazi by the hue that chills thy cheek  
And Pilate by the hue that sears thine hand,  
Whence all earth's waters cannot wash the brand  
That signs thy soul a manslayer's though thou speak  
All Christ, with lips most murderous and most meek."

A supplementary sonnet contains a seeming forecast of the Czar's terrible fate:

"Call for clear water, wash thine hands, be clean,  
Cry, What is truth? O Pilate, thou shalt know  
Haply too soon, and gnash thy teeth for woe  
Ere the outer darkness take thee round unseen  
That hides the red ghosts of thy race obscene  
Bound nine times round with hell's most dolorous flow  
And in its pools thy crownless head lie low  
By his of Spain who dared an English queen."

In a few words of explanation touching these sonnets, Mr. Swinburne says: "The writer will scarcely be suspected of royalism or imperialism; but it seemed to him that an insult leveled by Muscovite lips at the ruler of England might perhaps be less unfitly than unofficially resented by an Englishman who was also a republican."

After he had gone over to the Church of Rome, the late Cardinal Newman liked to think that, even in his boyhood, and while under influences widely different from those which afterwards swayed him, his future course was foreshadowed by an incident, of which at the time he could not have understood the significance. "When I was at Littlemore," he writes in his *Apologia*, "I was looking over old copy-books of my school-days, and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; in the first page of it there was a device which almost took away my breath with surprise. I have the book before me now and have just been showing it to others. I have written on the first page, in my school-boy hand, 'John H. Newman, February 17, 1811, Verse-book'; then follow my first verses. Between 'Verse' and 'Book' I have drawn the figure of a cross upright, and next to it is what may indeed be meant for a necklace; but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not ten years old. I suppose I got the idea from some romance, or some religious picture; but the

strange thing is how, among the thousand objects which meet a boy's eyes, these in particular should so have fixed themselves in my mind that I made them thus practically my own." It was the rare candour of self-revelation of which this passage (which betrays a fatalism observed more frequently in men of action than in men of thought) is a striking instance, that won for Dr. Newman the esteem and, to a certain extent, even the sympathy of persons whose convictions diverged *totò calo* from his own.

But this candour, which is so charming when it concerns only his personal feelings, reflections and struggles, became a weapon by no means safe to wield when applied to the combats of polemics. For instance, in one part of his apocalypse, he confesses that he "came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other." Having made his choice and his faith being (as he deemed and as his life proved) unshakable, he does not hesitate to enumerate the weak points—seeming self-contradictions and absurdities—the Bible itself, by way of showing that only the supreme authority of the Church can make it worthy of acceptance. Protestants, he argues, may consider the Fathers credulous and reject modern miracles, but do they find no difficulty in "the serpent that tempted Eve and the ass that admonished Balaam?" Dr. Newman must have forgotten that he was tempting many of the brethren, from whom he had separated himself and who were not likely to accept his admonitions to cruel doubt. At a later stage in his career he was equally outspoken in matters that concerned his fellow-believers. But he survived his protest twenty years, during more than half of which he held, with the goodwill of his beloved England and of universal Christendom, the exalted rank of a prince of the Church, while living the life of the humblest of disciples. Cardinal Newman (apart from his place in the record of 19th century literature) will live in history as one of the most interesting results of the conflicting forces of an age of transition. He felt by the intuition of his sensitive spiritual nature that sweeping changes were coming to pass, the tendency of which he distrusted, and as he dreaded compromise, he sought to fix his feet above the reach of its allurements.

Though Athabasca is the largest of the four Western Districts—comprising some 122,000 square miles—it has since its organization as yet attracted comparatively little notice. For this its situation is doubtless sufficient reason. The valleys of the Athabasca and Peace rivers are, however, by no means unknown. Years ago Dr. G. M. Dawson and Prof. Macoun, of the Geological Survey, explored and described this part of the North-West. The climate is mild enough and the summer long enough to ripen wheat, oats and barley and all the ordinary crops and vegetables. Specimens of grain raised in the Peace river valley were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876. The Athabasca and the Peace unite to form the Great Slave river, which, after passing through the lake of that name, forms the Mackenzie, which, from its source in the Rockies, near Mount Brown, to its mouth at the Arctic Ocean, has a course of about 3,000 miles. It is, indeed, the longest river in the British dominions. The banks of the Mackenzie proper are mostly high and clothed with pines. Just above the Arctic circle it narrows into a gorge known as the Ramparts, about ten miles long and which, with its fantastic turret-like cliffs "seems to form a stupendous portal into the Arctic world." The basin of the Mackenzie is but sparsely inhabited by bands of wandering Indians, the dwellers in the Hudson's Bay posts and the self-denying occupants of the missionary stations. One of the posts, Fort Good Hope is just at the Arctic circle. North of that latitude there are three posts—one on Peel river,



La Pierre's House, on Rat river, and the Rampart House, on the Porcupine. The heat of the summer sun in that far north country is more scorching than in the Tropics. The chief occupations are hunting and fishing. Minerals are not absent—iron, gold, coal, sulphur, petroleum and salt having been discovered at various points. Fur-bearing animals—fox, marten, beaver, lynx, otter, mink—are numerous. Among the larger fauna are bears, black and grisly, wolverines, wolves, moose, reindeer and (in the Barren Grounds) the musk ox. In the rivers and lakes there is no lack of fish, and the whale, walrus and seal of the Arctic seas are hunted by the Esquimaux. Birds also are found in considerable variety. Pine, birch, willow, alder and other trees exist here and there, but are of small size. Berries of all kinds grow in great quantities. In the extreme north the earth is carpeted with moss—the reindeer's food. How much of this vast tract may eventually prove suitable for colonization is only matter for conjecture. But it can hardly be doubted that Athabasca District, with perhaps a considerable margin on the eastern side, can be turned to account in the years to come. The northern boundary of the district is in the latitude of St. Petersburg.

It is satisfactory to see that in the impulse which the study of our history has received in recent years, that of our constitution and institutions is not neglected. "The Rise of Law in Rupert's Land" is the title of an interesting study begun in the June number of the *Western Law Times*, a meritorious legal magazine edited by Messrs. Archer Martin and J. T. Huggard, barristers, and published by the Stovel Company, of Winnipeg. Its object is to ascertain whether the grants of the soil of Rupert's Land and of privileges therein made to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670 were valid; what was the area and extent of the plantation and what laws were introduced in the region by the provisions of the charter. As to the first of these points the opinions of able lawyers both in England and Canada are quoted in favour of the charter's validity; as to the second point, it is shown that the greatest part of the North-West Territories, Keewatin and the North-East Territories, with a portion of Ontario, were within the original grant, while the company exercised control over a still larger portion of the continent by royal licence, dated December 6, 1821, confirmed on the 30th of May, 1838. As to the laws in force throughout the company's jurisdiction, the common law of England was the common law of the plantations. English subjects, when they formed colonies and received the sovereign's protection through royal charters, carried with them the law of the United Kingdom. This is the opinion of several British lawyers, including the Irish Lord Chancellor, West, Attorney-General Pratt, Solicitor-General Yorke, Chief Justice (now Sir) F. G. Johnson, Mr. Sheriff Ross and Mr. Recorder Thom—the last three of whom held office in the Red River Settlement. Such, then, was the state of the law when Lord Selkirk, having acquired possession of the District of Assiniboine, appointed Captain Miles McDonnell governor, who, in turn, made John Spencer sheriff, of the district, and had notice to quit served on the agent of the North-West Company. The latter made strenuous opposition to the new governor's authority, and, after a stormy rule of less than three years, he was succeeded by the chivalrous but ill-fated Governor Semple. The tragedy that followed—the Governor and some twenty of his followers being slain at the "battle of Seven Oaks"—led to a fresh stage in the legal history of Rupert's Land. The trial of the offenders at York (Toronto) and Quebec, the condemnation at the latter place of Dr. Reinhard and his subsequent pardon, on the ground of deficient jurisdiction, the voluminous report of the investigating Trade Regulation Act of 1821 (inserted at the suggestion of the Right Hon. E. Ellice) are then considered with reference to the company's rights within their own territories.

The delegates from the people of Newfoundland to the Mother Country have published a pamphlet setting forth their case as they laid it before their fellow-citizens of the Empire in the United Kingdom, and indicating the chief results of their recent mission. It is accompanied by an excellent map of Newfoundland, showing the "French Shore," and having seasonable annotations as to the resources of the island, the natural sphere of French influence and other topics of current interest. We hope to make fuller reference to this pamphlet, just received as we go to press, in our next issue. Meanwhile, we may hazard the remark that, before any settlement can be reached, it is indispensable that Newfoundlanders agree in the first place among themselves.

#### CANADA'S NORTHWARD EXPANSION.

While the movement of colonization has been impelled westward by the opening up of the region beyond Lake Superior, there has been a contemporaneous advance northward, which is beginning to show appreciable results. If we examine the map of this province, we shall have no difficulty in ascertaining that a vast area of habitable land lies north of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa between Lake St. John and Lake Temiscaming. The portion of it that has as yet been occupied is but a small fraction of the whole. But at several points along the river front colonization has been pushed to a considerable distance beyond the narrow fringe that formerly represented the population. At the north-eastern extremity of the tract in question the course of settlement has been fitful, revealing a sort of intermittent fever of colonizing enterprise during the last two centuries. Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay was one of the first spots to attract the attention of the early navigators. An expedition was organized in 1543 under de Roberval to make an exploration of the country, but nothing came of it that affected the course of our history. In the beginning of the 17th century Tadoussac again comes under notice as a centre of trade, and Champlain refers to it as a sort of aboriginal emporium. Subsequently it became the headquarters of missionary operations both along the shore and in the interior; and in the last quarter century of the Old Régime, the region of the Saguenay and Lake St. John was constituted the *Domaine du Roi* and was in part surveyed by M. Normandin, whose name has been given to one of the most flourishing of the lake townships. Chicoutimi was the chief trading-station, and as such became a place of some importance. After the Conquest, the Saguenay country was still held as the King's Domain, and was leased to the North-West Company. The Domain extended along the coast for seventy-six leagues, and up the Saguenay to Lake St. John and beyond it to Lake Mistassini. In the year 1820 the attention of the Quebec Assembly was called to the region, and Mr. Pascal Taché, who had spent many years there, was examined as to its resources and suitability for settlement. The result was a series of expeditions through the Saguenay, the St. Maurice and the Ottawa valleys, which may be deemed the starting-point of our northern colonization. M. Bouchette made the exploration of the central stream his peculiar task. Setting out from Three Rivers, he followed the course of the St. Maurice to the post of La Tuque, and ascending the Bastonnais, he crossed the interval between that river and the Ouïatchouan, which he descended to its mouth at Lake St. John. Having circumnavigated the lake, he traced the Chicoutimi to its junction with the Saguenay, completing a journey of exploration of some eight hundred miles in a simple bark canoe. Meanwhile Messrs. Hamel and Proulx, with their companions, Captain Nixon and Lieut. (afterwards General) Baddeley were not idle, and the published report of the triple exploration was made the basis for systematic colonizing effort. It was not, however, until some twenty years later that the era of northerly expansion really began, and it has only been since

the inception of the railway movement in the back country that the value of this great northern region—a region as large as some old-world empires—has been realized by even our leading men. The most of our people are still in the dark as to the enviable wealth of territory and the multiplicity of natural productions that have thus been disclosed at our very doors.

Proceeding west, we can easily learn by comparing the maps of fifty or even twenty-five years ago how much the Ontario of to-day differs from the Upper Canada of the past. It seems only the other day since Lake Simcoe was regarded as the *ultima thule* of the province. Now the Muskoka district is one of the most prosperous parts of it, while Parry Sound and Algoma have been invaded by the pioneer, and every year adds new conquests still further to the north as well as to the west. Where the land is not fit for agriculture, it is found to contain valuable minerals, fertile valleys adapted for wheat-raising alternating with districts that yield copper, lead, iron, gold and silver. This may be said of the whole region north of Lakes Huron and Superior. The country between the latter lake and a circle cutting through Lake Long, Lake Nipigon and Lac des Mille Lacs is exceptionally rich in minerals, and Port Arthur, its metropolis, is destined to be one of Canada's great entrepôts in a future not very distant. The projected railway from Sault Ste. Marie to James Bay is the latest instance of the changed valuation which recent developments have put upon a region once deemed practically worthless. Between Port Arthur and Winnipeg is a tract which circumstances, as well as nature, have hitherto doomed to neglect, but it will doubtless share in its turn in Ontario's general progress. The railway movement of the great West, of which it is the gate, has taken it within its comprehensive sweep. The region between the Albany, James Bay, and the Height of Land, is not likely to be overrun with settlers for some years to come. But the prairie steppes traversed by the Pacific Railway are already showing a capability for a northward expansion to which it would be rash to set limits.

The initiation of new lines of railway from Winnipeg—still bent on reaching Hudson's Bay—to Calgary, looking hopefully to Edmonton, and with designs that embrace the Peace River valley, and even the great Mackenzie basin, abounds in promise which, in the nature of things, must be largely fulfilled. Indeed, when its natural attractions induced thousands of settlers to anticipate railways, the north of our great central plain may be allowed to have an assured future. Edmonton and Battleford will not long be the terminal points of the Alberta and Saskatchewan north country. Crossing the mountains, we find even greater than corresponding opportunities for extending northward the area of habitation. There we have a climate which (due allowance being, of course, made for the elevated tracts) resembles that of Western Europe rather than that of Eastern Canada. Unhappily the limits of our advance are political, not physical. But it will be long before the growth of population occasions regrets on that score. There is ample room for expansion northward, and, though an unsettled boundary may lead to complications (as, indeed, it has already done), it is the associated maritime control and the preposterous claims of which it has been made the pretext, which make the alien ownership of Alaska vexatious to the Dominion. On the whole, however, we have no reason to complain of either the extent or the resources of that northern Canada which is our great reserve for the years to come. As it is, we would not be cramped for many generations, even if we had a boundary line (51° for instance) to the north as well as to the south. We should still be among the greatest land-owners in the world. But it is a comfort to know that we are provided with enough to satisfy the wants and afford scope for the enterprise, not only of our children's children, but of the superfluous millions of over-crowded Europe; nor can we show our gratitude more worthily than by occupying our heritage and making it ready for those who come after us.

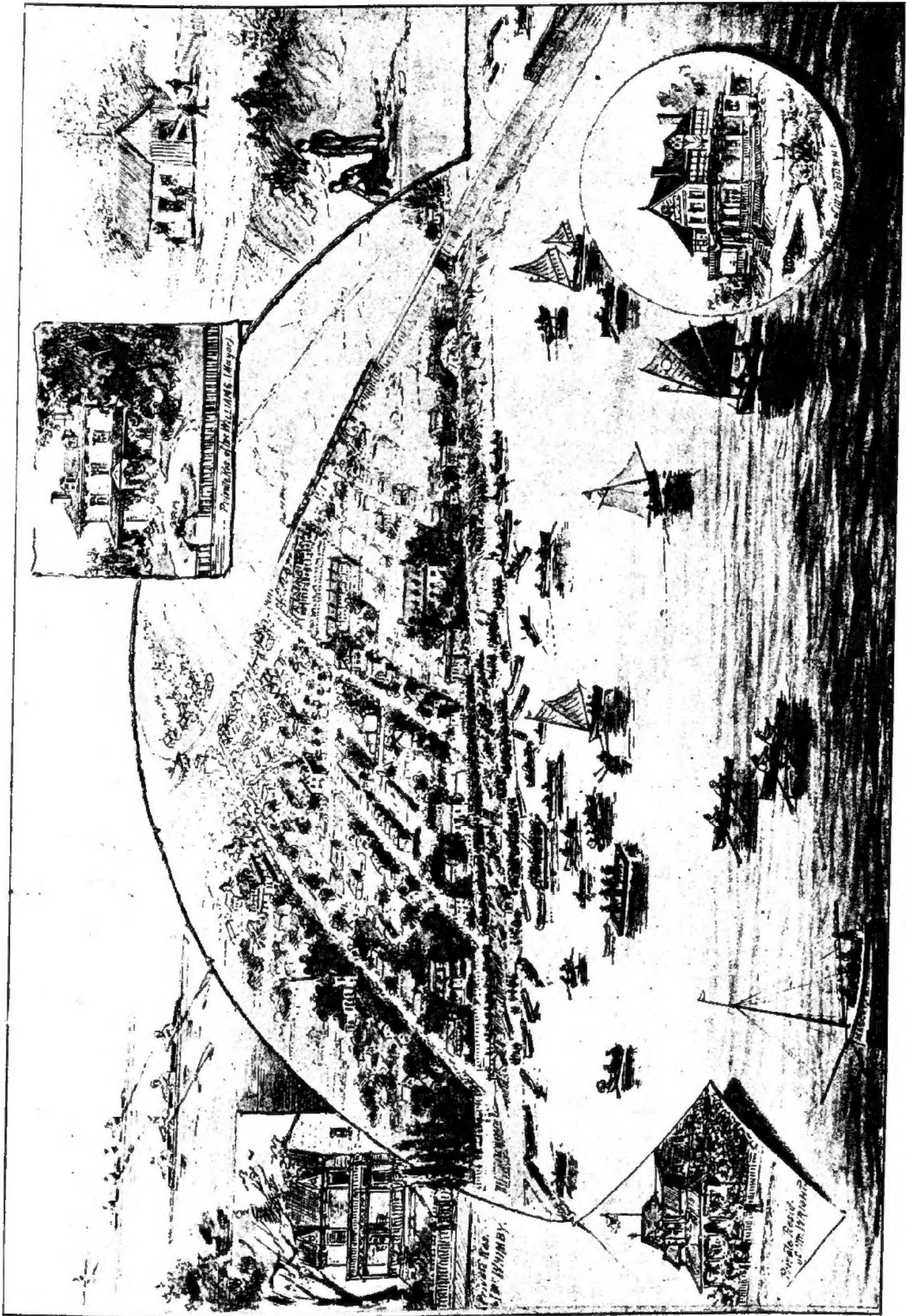




J. & E. COLLA'S FISHING ESTABLISHMENT AT POINT ST. PETER, GASPÉ.



FISHERMEN SPLITTING CODFISH AT ANSE AUX GRIFFONS, GASPÉ.



THE REGATTA AT ST. LAMBERT, 18th AUGUST. (By our special artist.)





Last week I spoke of St. Lambert being a comparatively unknown, but still an enthusiastic supporter of aquatic. How little justification that statement needs may be left to anybody who had the good fortune to be present at the annual regatta, which was held on Saturday last. In most other water front resorts, at a regatta, the rowing men, the canoeists and their lady friends turn out to see the sport. In St. Lambert it is different. Everybody, without exception, goes to the regatta there. The village is deserted for the water front, and an enterprising burglar, with three hours to spare, could have carted away as much of the family plate and household gods as he cared for without molestation last Saturday afternoon. It has been said that the Imperial Parliament was known to adjourn on Derby Day because most of the members had business of importance and a field glass waiting for them at Epsom. It has been suggested that even local legislatures in some benighted capitals in the States have let the laws go to the "demition bow wows" when the greatest of all shows on earth pitched its canvas in their vicinity. And there are stories afloat of municipal councils and juries of twelve good men and true finding it necessary to take a respite of an hour or so because their attendance would add *éclat* to the due celebration of a lynching bee or some other equally engaging pastime in the early days of the wild and woolly West. But St. Lambert does none of these things. The only day when St. Lambert forgets business and all its mortal cares is the day when the annual regatta is held. All the year round everybody in St. Lambert knows everybody else, but on regatta day the acquaintance is considerably enlarged, because a large number of north side citizens know where they can enjoy themselves on that particular Saturday afternoon, and the result is that if a census taker were to go round the river bank that day he would marvel that the population had been doubled.

There is another feature that is distinctly commendable in the regattas of this club—all the officials work; the burden does not lie on any one individual, and the result is that even if the 3.15 train is waited for before the start, the whole programme is got through with in good time. It would be a good idea if a little of the same spirit actuated other clubs who have better facilities than the St. Lambert Boating Club. The races were most interesting and decidedly well contested. The programme began with the junior double scull for boys. This was nicely captured by R. Hunt and L. Thompson. The single scull was a splendid race, in which the Grand Trunk, St. Lambert and Longueuil were represented; the latter won by two lengths. Then came the double scull for lady and gentleman, the prize for which was taken by Miss Morris and Mr. J. Riley. A very sportsmanlike thing was done in the canoe race. There were only two starters—Lake St. Louis and St. Lambert. The latter swamped and the Lachine men stopped paddling until their opponents had righted and started again. This is the kind of generosity that makes amateur sport what it is. In the double scull there was a surprise in store, as everybody thought the race was a certainty for the Grand Trunk, but St. Lambert put on a spurt and won. The tandem canoe was won by the Routh brothers, of Lachine, easily. A. Irving had what is called a "cinch" in the hurry-scurry, and the fours were won by the Grand Trunk. Then the day was wound up by a most enjoyable hop, at which all the visitors and most of St. Lambert were present, the unanimous verdict being that once more the annual aquatic meet had been a decided success. The following table summarizes the events of the day:

1. Junior double scull—	
L. Thompson, bow, R. Hunt, stroke.....	1
A. Horsfall, bow, A. Luckie, stroke.....	2
2. Single scull race—	
E. Elliott, Longueuil.....	1
L. Mitchell, G.T.R.....	2
A. Irving, St. Lambert.....	3
3. Double scull race, lady and gentleman—	
T. Riley and Miss Morris.....	1
F. Riley and Miss H. Furniss.....	2
4. Canoe race, four paddles—	
Lake St. Louis crew:	
F. W. Stewart, F. Fairbanks, H. Routh, C. Routh....	1
St. Lambert crew:	
W. Beattie, W. Cooper, J. Beattie, F. Riley.....	2
5. Double scull race—	
St. Lambert crew:	
A. Irving and J. Morris.....	1
G. T. R. crew:	
L. Mitchell, H. Henderson.....	2

6. Junior single scull—	
R. Elliott, Longueuil.....	1
R. Hunt, St. Lambert.....	2
George Furniss, St. Lambert.....	3
7. Tub race in costume—	
A. Snowden.....	1
L. Thompson.....	2
8. Tandem canoe race—	
H. and C. Routh, Lachine.....	1
F. Stewart and F. Fairbanks, Lachine.....	2
A. Irving and J. Morris, St. Lambert.....	3
R. Laing and W. D. Mason, G. T. R.....	4
9. Hurry scurry canoe race—	
A. Irving, St. Lambert.....	1
F. Fairbanks, Lachine.....	2
10. Four-oared race—	
G. T. R. crew, No. 2:	
Davis, bow; Kell, 2; Beattie, 3; Green, stroke.....	1
G. T. R. crew, No. 1:	
R. Laing, bow; H. Henrichon, 2; D. Brown, 3; W. Laing, stroke.....	2
St. Lambert crew:	
W. Cooper, bow; L. Betournay, 2; P. Thompson, 3; F. Kelly, stroke.....	3

There will be two great matches to-day in the lacrosse struggle—one of which may materially influence the ultimate positions of the clubs—that between Cornwall and Toronto; the other, between Montreal and Shamrock, will practically be the decider of last place. Leaving out the protest business, which, by the way, has apparently dropped from the memory of all the protesters, the shield will be fought for by the Queen City and the Factory Town, with one chance in favour of the latter. In the last few years it has grown to be a bye-word that Cornwall cannot play off its own ground, a bye-word which has frequently proved to be misleading, for the twelve have played and conquered on foreign fields, but certainly not as well as when at home. An instance, I might mention, was the recent Montreal match. Of course, they defeated the local team, but the play was not nearly up to the standard shown the previous week in the match with the Shamrocks. The Montrealeers were slow, out of condition, and, in many lacrosse men's judgment, badly placed; and, perhaps, it was because they were no match for the visitors and could not push them that the latter did not make a better showing. Cornwall will have to play better and faster lacrosse than they did here to beat the fast team of Toronto, especially on such grounds as the Rosedale, that is, if Toronto plays in anything like the same style as at Montreal. If they work as they did in Ottawa, then Cornwall will add one more laurel to its wreath of victory.

The Montreal-Shamrock match is one of even greater uncertainty. Both teams are erratic and what may be called in-and-outers; the only thing in which either appears at all consistent is the apparent ability to lose matches this season; in one match a magnificent scientific exhibition of lacrosse is given, in the next it is loose, ragged, and not at all interesting. In the first case bad fortune seems to have followed them,—when they played well enough to win the fates seemed against them; in the second case, when they played badly enough to lose they did it without difficulty, and at the present time the two clubs, which for years were the shining lights of the lacrosse world, are now hid under a densely dark bushel basket. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the match to-day will be a good one. There is a lacrosse legend to the effect that whenever playing against each other the Shamrocks and Montrealeers have shown magnificent lacrosse, even if they fell to pieces when playing with outside clubs, and the truth of this legend has been so persistently verified that there is no reason to doubt it now. Both clubs have been doing some wonderfully hard practice, and the Shamrocks have succeeded in defeating a combination team, the superior of which on paper it would seem difficult to find. To-day's struggle ought to be a hard one, with, I think, the chances in favour of the Shamrocks.

The lacrosse millennium seems to have arrived very close to Toronto. The Capitals, who are captained by Mr. Rose, a gentleman well-known in lacrosse circles, have played practice matches with the Torontos, in order to fit the latter for the contest with Cornwall. This is so unusual a proceeding in the west that the *Empire* is moved to print the following sentence:—"Not for many years has Toronto had two clubs in the senior series that could meet for a friendly game, and now when the feeling is friendly let it remain so." Why, bless the *Empire's* dear heart, in Montreal the big lacrosse clubs have been doing that sort of thing for a long time. Toronto should not be so slow to learn.

The Crescent Lacrosse Club are making a wonderful record for themselves in the District Championship series. Last year they only lost one match. This year a match has not been lost so far and but very few games. The Crescents appear too good a team for the District Championship and should at least try for the Intermediate, if not for the senior league,—the only drawback to the latter course being the doubt whether Montreal is big enough for three senior teams. There are some men on the Crescent twelve whose team play could be imitated with advantage

by two or three big clubs, who would probably not condescend to attend a junior match; but the fact that such is the case remains the same. There was an exhibition of this branch of skill given on Saturday last.

The Glengarrigans, of Lancaster, are following closely in the wake of the Cornwalls and Crescents as far as the number of victories are to be considered. They have played six matches and won them all, and seem to have the championship of their district in safe keeping.

By the way, the default of one of the Orient teams should be a salutary lesson that a small club cannot run three lacrosse teams. There are too many irons in the fire. Ambition is a very good thing in its way; but it killed Caesar, and an overdose has been too much for the Orientals.

In the cycling world last week saw an important record broken. W. J. Gassler lowered the American time for a mile on a Safety to 2.37 2-5. This was made at Charter Oak Park. The mark previously was held by George Hendee, viz., 2.41 3-4. While cycling is being referred to, a word may not be out of place respecting a comparatively new club in Montreal, the Star Bicycle Club. This organization has been most enthusiastic since its formation, and several road races have already been held. On Saturday last there were two events—scratch and second class—and this afternoon the third race in the present series will take place. A club that makes such a beginning should receive all encouragement. There is plenty of room for two bicycle clubs in the city, and it is a pleasant thing to see the Star and Montreal Bicycle Club fraternizing and wishing each other well.

The American record for Safety, referred to above, does not come near the world's record, recently made at Paddington by McCredy. This gentleman, who is the editor of the *Irish Cyclist*, covered the distance in 2.26 4-5. This same flyer also sent all the records flying from 6 to 21 miles, and only stopped there because it was too dark to go on.

Next week the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club will be held at the M.A.A.A. grounds and a large turnout of wheelmen from all parts of Canada is looked for. There will also be several flyers from the United States, and already Gassler, Rich and Campbell have entered. As the entries do not close until the 27th, it is likely that other large clubs on the other side of the line will be heard from. If such is the case, our local talent do not appear to have much chance. If the track is in good condition, there is a possibility of Gassler lowering his own mark, as he is sure to go in for the mile; but it is doubtful if there will be any one in for the race able to drive him to his limit. In the Toronto tournament, not a single Torontonian got a first in the open events. Hannaford, of Montreal, got first place in the combination race, and W. H. C. Mussen was second to E. C. Anthony, of Taunton, Mass., in the five mile open. It looks as if the great bulk of trophies will be carried back by the American wheelmen. Some of our best Canadian riders will be represented at the big meet of the L. A. W. at Niagara Falls next week; but where all the cracks will be assembled, as in this case, it is almost too much to hope for any firsts, and the best that can be done is to wish them good luck.

The four-days' blue-rock tournament, held last week in Toronto, was perhaps the most interesting shooting event ever held in Canada, and in management was fully equal to the great competition held in the United States, while the shooting itself was much above the average. The system of rapid firing adopted also proved most successful. Rolla Heikes came out of the contest with the greatest amount of cash won, while the best average was made by Kelsey. Most of the American shots left Toronto for Corry, Pa., where the Keystone tournament has been in full swing all this week. This will be followed by a long succession of meetings for trap shooters, which are of almost continental interest. Harrisburg comes next, then the Bandle tournament in Cincinnati, and the shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club at Dunellen, N.Y. The success of all these competitions is due more than anything else to the system of guaranteed purses. In the Toronto tournament Ottawa was represented by Capt. Dalton and Mr. A. W. Throop; but Montreal did not have a solitary blue-rock breaker there, and still there was a time when there was keen shooting competition in this city.

Last week the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED were given some idea of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, together with pictures illustrating some of the leading types of craft. Since that time the second regatta of the Lake Yacht Racing Association has been held at Toronto, and in all the classes there was a total of 27 starters, a remarkably good showing. These races were under the auspices of the R. C. Y. C. The Oriole, apparently non-defeatable, won from the Vreda and Aileen in the first class, with 37 minutes to spare on corrected time. The 46-foot class was captured easily by White Wings. The Yama won from the Merle and Psyche in the 40-foot class. The 35-foot class fell to the lot of the Vision, while the 30-foot class, in which there were eight starters, was won by Nancy, and the 25-foot class by Maud B. Again, in the



Hamilton regatta of last week and the Kingston regatta of this week, nearly all these boats took a prominent part.

The Fish and Game Protection Club seems to have taken on a new lease of life since Mr. Shewan has held the secretaryship, and the law-breakers and pot hunters are beginning to find out that they have to pay dearly for their illegal sport. Not a week has passed but some offenders against the game laws have been prosecuted, and in the great majority of cases convictions have been secured. If a little attention were turned to restaurants and hotels another class of offenders would discover that they cannot break the laws with impunity, even if such things as partridges masquerade as the unassuming prairie chicken. Look at the opening of the shooting season and see if on the first legal day black duck with a few day's flavor on it cannot be found on some of the leading restaurant's menu cards.

At the Swimming Club races Benedict again proved what a magnificent middle distance swimmer he is, and, as was expected, he lowered the American record for 1,000 yards, which was already his own. Some of the other competitors showed excellent form, and it would not be a bad idea if Benedict were entered for the champion hip swimming meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club, which will be held on the 28th inst., under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union, at Pierpont-on-the-Hudson. Of course this would entail some expense, but the Montreal Swimming Club could spend a little money to advantage by sending such a representative as Benedict to the meeting. It is well within the probabilities that he would bring back the thousand yard medal.

The Toronto oarsmen did not meet with the same success at Quinsigamond as they did at Lachine. In the latter place they had everything practically their own way, but the Baysides were the only ones to carry back American honours, and they did it from among five of the strongest double scull crews on the continent. There is a movement on foot in the N.A.A.O. to reduce the championship course from a mile and a half to one mile. It is hardly likely this will be adopted, and for the present it is under the consideration of the executive.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the ranks of trotting men over the victory of Keno F., a gelding with no pedigree worth mentioning, in the Flower City Stakes, when he was pitted against some of the most fashionably bred stock. Such phenomena crop up once in a while, but in this case the advocates of breeding alone will be as much in the dark as ever.

At a recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, W. B. Curtis gave notice that at the next meeting of the Union he would introduce a resolution that in future all trophies be offered to individuals instead of to clubs. At the same meeting records were allowed for the recent performances of G. R. Gray, F. C. Puffer, A. H. Green, W. L. Condon and J. S. Mitchell.

The coming week will be a lively one at the nets, as the annual open tournament of the McGill University Lawn Tennis Club will open on Monday and be continued during the following days until completed. Large entries are looked for from Toronto, Ottawa, and other cities, and of course all local clubs will be represented. First and second prizes will be offered for both singles and doubles, and all defeated by the winner of the first prize will be eligible to compete for second. In the trials the best two out of three will count, and in the finals the best of five sets.

The memories have not yet died away of the pleasant days with the campers of the Northern Division of the A.C.A. at Ile Cadieux, and now we hear of the doings at the general meet at Jassup's Neck. To this spot have flocked canoeists from all parts of the United States and Canada, and several hundred tents are sparkling in the sun on what was before a comparatively unknown strip of land to the rest of the world. Canada is particularly well represented, the most prominent canoeists in the Dominion being present,—such men as Ford Jones, of the Brockville club, who last year held the championship in the handsome silver cup with the name of every winner engraved on it. In 1886 and 1887 the winner was R. W. Gibson, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, and in 1888 M. N. Brockaw, of the Brooklyn C. C., was the successful competitor. Then there is Alexander Torrence, Dr. H. E. Rice, W. F. Johnson, W. G. McKendrick, who was at the head of the record last year. Among the rest are Geo. Auldjo, of the Lake St. Louis, Ex Com. Rathbun, E. L. French, E. B. Edwards and H. C. Rogers, of the Peterborough Club, and Robert Tyson and H. Leip, of the Toronto Club. The Canadians have over a dozen tents in the main camp. Ottawa is represented, too, with its beaver pennant floating over the tent. The frog in a yellow circle is the headquarters of the Lindsay, Ont., delegation, at whose head is Mr. J. G. Edwards, who holds the honorable No. 5, of the A.C.A., if I mistake not. Kingston Military College is represented by D. F. Jones and Walter Douglass. The Ubique and Galt clubs have good spokesmen in J. N. McKendrick, H. F. McKendrick, R. Wilkinson and H. Tolton. D. P. Jacques, C. A. Baird, A. H. Mason and H. R. Tilley do the honours for the

Toronto club. One of the features of the first day's racing was the ladies' tandem, which was won handily by Miss McKendrick and Miss Sherwood. Canada apparently can depend on her canoeists abroad to do her honour.

If ever any cricket club was surprised it was the M.C.C. on Saturday last when the Ottawa contingent arrived and gave the home men some pointers about the grand old game that ought to last them a little while. The Ottawas were playing on strange grounds, and even if the wicket was uneven it should have counted rather against the visitors than the grounds team. But the Ottawa men were very generous and simply beat Montreal by an innings and 81 runs! There is material worth pondering over in this; but better luck next time.

Where outdoor sports may be generally called pastimes, commend me to last week's events at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire. Here there was all the keen competition of sport and all the fun of a mere pastime. The races were arranged so that an unpleasant feature was an impossibility, and still the committees worked as hard as if the championship of the world depended on the results. It is a capital idea, too, having a lady coxswain in a gentleman's race. If the sterner scullers do not win, their gallantry will permit of no excuse for bad steering; and when the ladies are doing the hard work, the defeated one will be permitted to put the blame on the steersman. And the ladies, bless them, fully appreciate these advantages. To-day the week's sport will wind up with the tennis and bowling tournaments, and the arrangements for the past seven days have been so successful that many will be sorry they cannot be done over again.

The Montreal Hunt Club are just now getting ready for their annual season of kingly sport, and every day seems two until the season opens, when in all the refulgence of pink and ambition for the brush, the trying rail, the unknown wall, or the treacherous barb wire will be negotiated. But a commencement has been made, and this week out hunting was begun. The time will soon be here and then there will be all the jollity of hunting breakfasts, hard runs, well-earned honours, appetising luncheons, coveted brushes, delightful dances, and every thing that makes to fill the huntsman's cup of happiness.

R. O. X.

#### Floral Texts from "Pastor Felix."

I.  
Sweetbriar and delicious rose,  
Wild rose of Maine,  
Whose crushed hearts still retain  
The perfumed breath that Nature's love bestows,  
I prize you for the sake of him  
Whose fingers pressed,  
And tenderly caressed  
Your beauty ere it languished and grew dim.

II.  
Wild rose and briar sweet,  
Not long ago  
You wanted in the glow  
Of sun and breeze, and listened to the heat  
Of your own hearts—a note of joy:  
The gypsy bee  
Took from your virgin lips his fee  
For service done in Flora's chaste employ.

III.  
Fair exiles! here beneath my roof  
Take rest, and take  
My pity for your own dear sake;  
Ah! spare your host your eloquent reproof,  
Your dumb, pathetic questioning why,  
For what offense,  
On what unjust pretense,  
He doomed you in a foreign land to die.

IV.  
Listen, O honoured guests, I pray!  
The kindly bard,  
High seated in the world's regard,  
But meant by your soft breathings to convey  
A sense of truer song than any muse  
Has ever sung,  
Than any mortal tongue  
Has ever uttered—could he wiser choose?

V.  
Not poets only were you born,  
But in you dwell  
The fearless souls of Bruce and Tell,  
Breathing on tyrant heads defiant scorn.  
All this, and more than this, my friend—  
A Druid wise  
Made bold to symbolize  
By those untutored charms that in you blend.

VI.  
"A gracious argument, we grant,"  
The flowers sighed,  
Then added, with a touch of pride,  
"Our wasted bosoms thrill again and pant,  
For we have hope that in your lay  
We still shall live,  
And therefore we forgive  
The hand that wrought us premature decay."

GEORGE MARTIN.



We have received the prospectus of the *Young Canadian*, "a high class illustrated weekly magazine of patriotism for the young people of Canada," to be published by The Young Canadian Company. "The *Young Canadian* firmly believes that it has but to announce its appearance and its aim to secure an enthusiastic reception, to open up for itself a patriotic record, and to inaugurate for Canada a work which has been too long neglected, and which will meet with a welcome and a response from every Canadian heart." It will consist of sixteen pages double demy, of fine paper, and clear type, with a cover embellished by a full-page design, specially drawn by one of our Royal Academicians. "The illustrations, from the life of the people, will be drawn by the very best talent in the Dominion, and no expense or trouble will be spared to secure and to maintain, in the matter and in the illustrations, the very highest literary and artistic standard." The *Young Canadian*, with every undertaking of like patriotic aim, has our best wishes, and we sincerely hope that its forecasts will be fulfilled. The Secretary of the company is Mrs. M. P. Murray, 111 Mackay Street, Montreal, to whom all communications should be addressed.

It is with sincere regret that we have learned of the death of Mr. Fred. W. Curzon, of Toronto, son of Mr. Robert Curzon, and of Mrs. Curzon, author of "Laura Secord," "In the Thick of It" and of other meritorious works in prose and poetry. Mr. Curzon, who was only in his 28th year, was a young man of more than promise and his death has left a sad void in his family and in the circle of his friends.

In the essay on Victorian and Elizabethan poetry, in his recently published "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," Mr. John Addington Symonds is credited with saying several strange things. He includes the Georgians under the head of Victorians, which is a quite unwarranted innovation, and can only lead to confusion. He includes under the head of 'idyll' the long narrative poems of Sir Walter, the tales of Crabbe, the *Endymion* and *Lamia* of Keats. He might with equal justice have included the *Odyssey* and the *Paradise Lost*. From the idyll the critic passes to the Victorian lyric, which includes Wordsworth's sonnets, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Maud*, Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, E. Jones's *Pagan's Drinking Chant*, Browning's *Dramatis Personae*, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, Sharp's *Weird of Michael Scot*, and Gosse's *Chant Royal*.

The *Scots Observer* says of Mr. Henry James's "Tragic Muse": "Length is the dominant characteristic of the romance. The number of pages is by no means excessive; and though there is a good deal in each, the number of words is probably not greater than in many a commonplace three-volume novel. But the stodginess of it! the complacent reeling off of paragraph after paragraph pages long, made up of sentences like this: 'Imitation is a fortunate homage only in proportion as it is delicate, and there was an indefinable something in Nash's doctrine that would have been discredited by exaggeration or by zeal!' Of course the author occasionally permits the characters to speak to each other, but when they do they are as fluent, as refined, as circuitous, and as cryptic, if not quite as long-winded, as Mr. James himself."

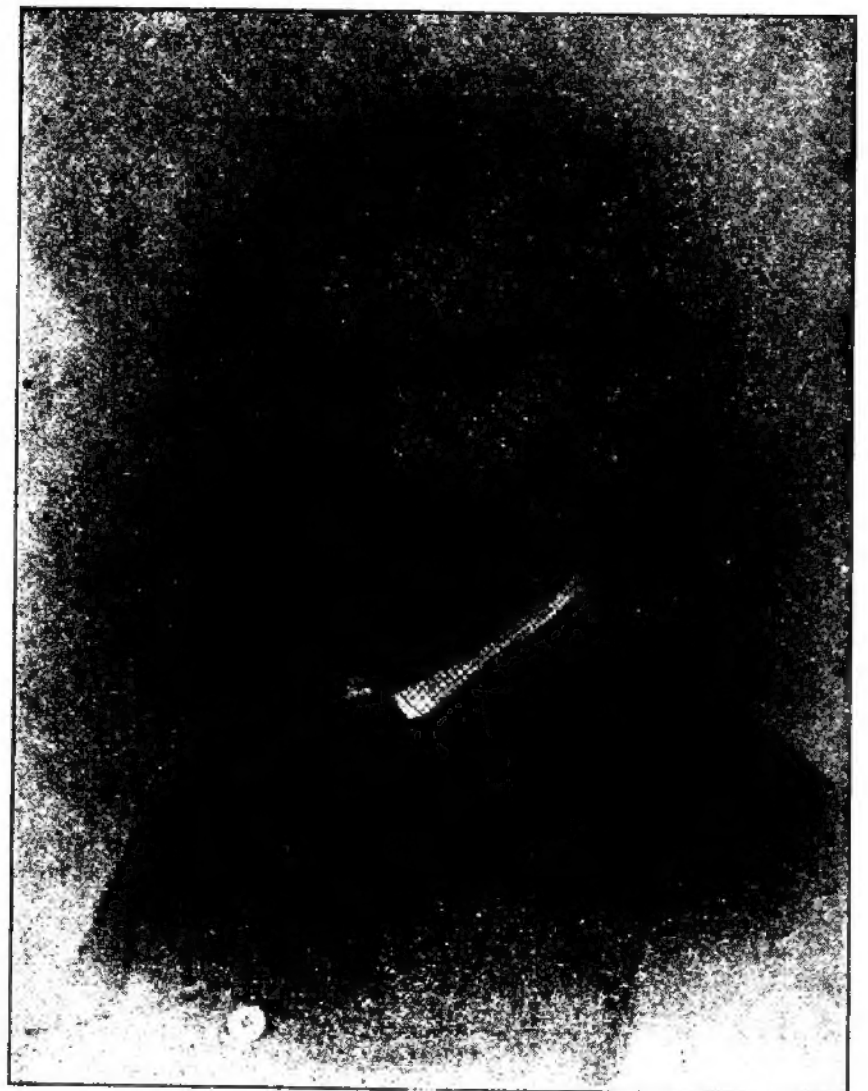
#### The Author of "Alice in Wonderland."

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Oxford is the home of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland," the queen of nonsense books. He is a senior student of Christ Church, and was for many years mathematical lecturer to the college, but retired from the latter post some few years ago, in order to devote himself more unreservedly to literary work. As might be gathered from his books, he is a genuine lover of children, and his beautiful suite of rooms in the north-west corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, looking over St. Aldgate's, were at one time a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture books innumerable, toys of every description, came forth in bewildering abundance before the child's astonished eyes: no wonder, then, that in childish years a day spent with "Lewis Carroll" was like a glimpse into a veritable El Dorado of innocent delight! For many years he was a considerable amateur photographer, and amused himself by taking his little friends in all sorts of odd and fanciful costumes, till his album became filled with Japanese boys and girls, beggar maids in picturesque latters, or Joans of Arc in glittering armour. The smell of the collodion he used to pour on the negative, his small "subjects" watching him open-mouthed the while, lingers in the memory still, and the sight of the box in the dark room which used to be pulled out for them to stand upon, in order that they might watch more comfortably the mysterious process of "developing," served not long ago to remind one at the least of his quondam child friends, humorously if a little painfully, of the flight of time.—*Ethel M. Arnold.*

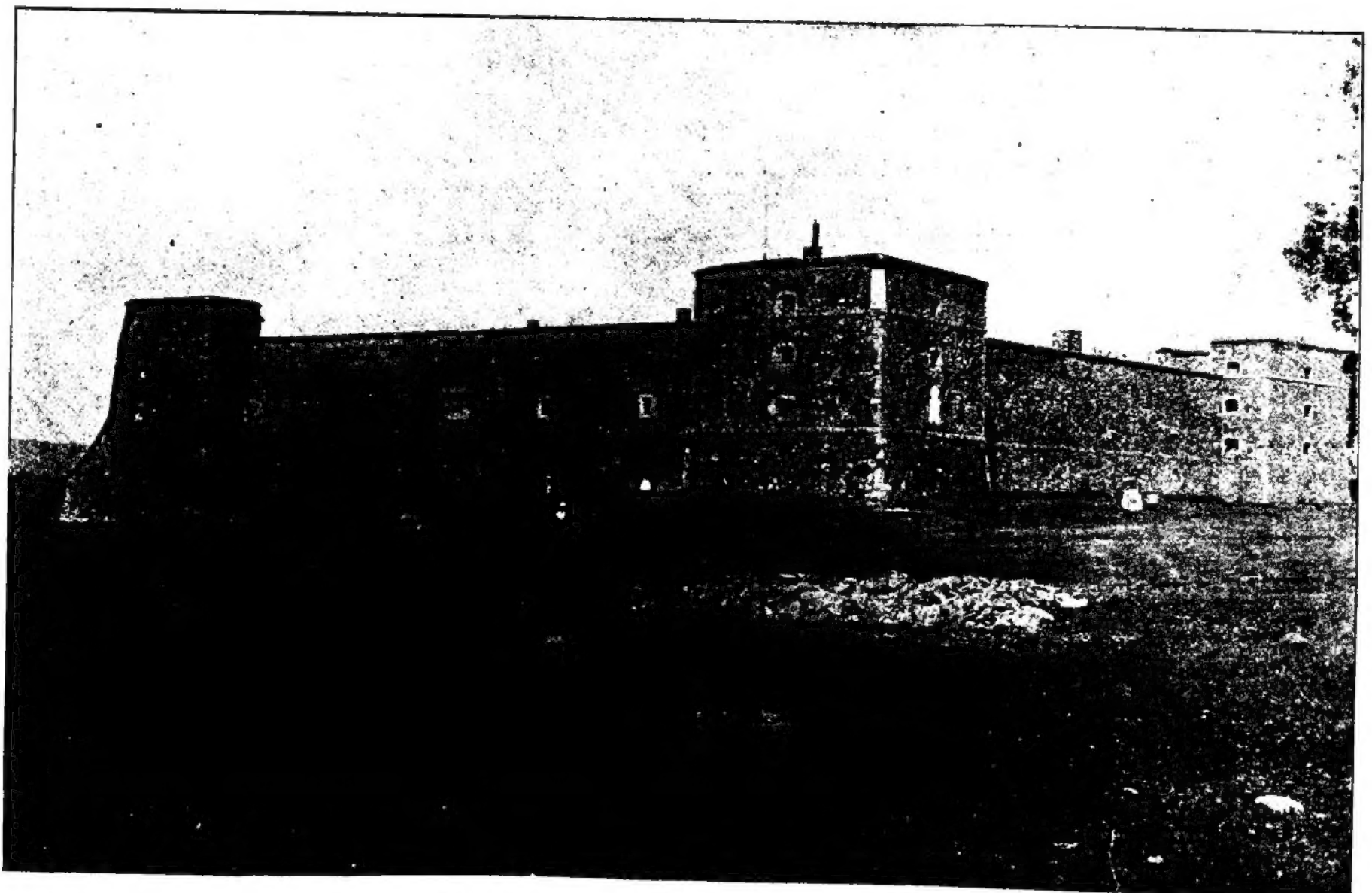




DOUGLAS BRYMNER, Esq., Dominion Archivist.

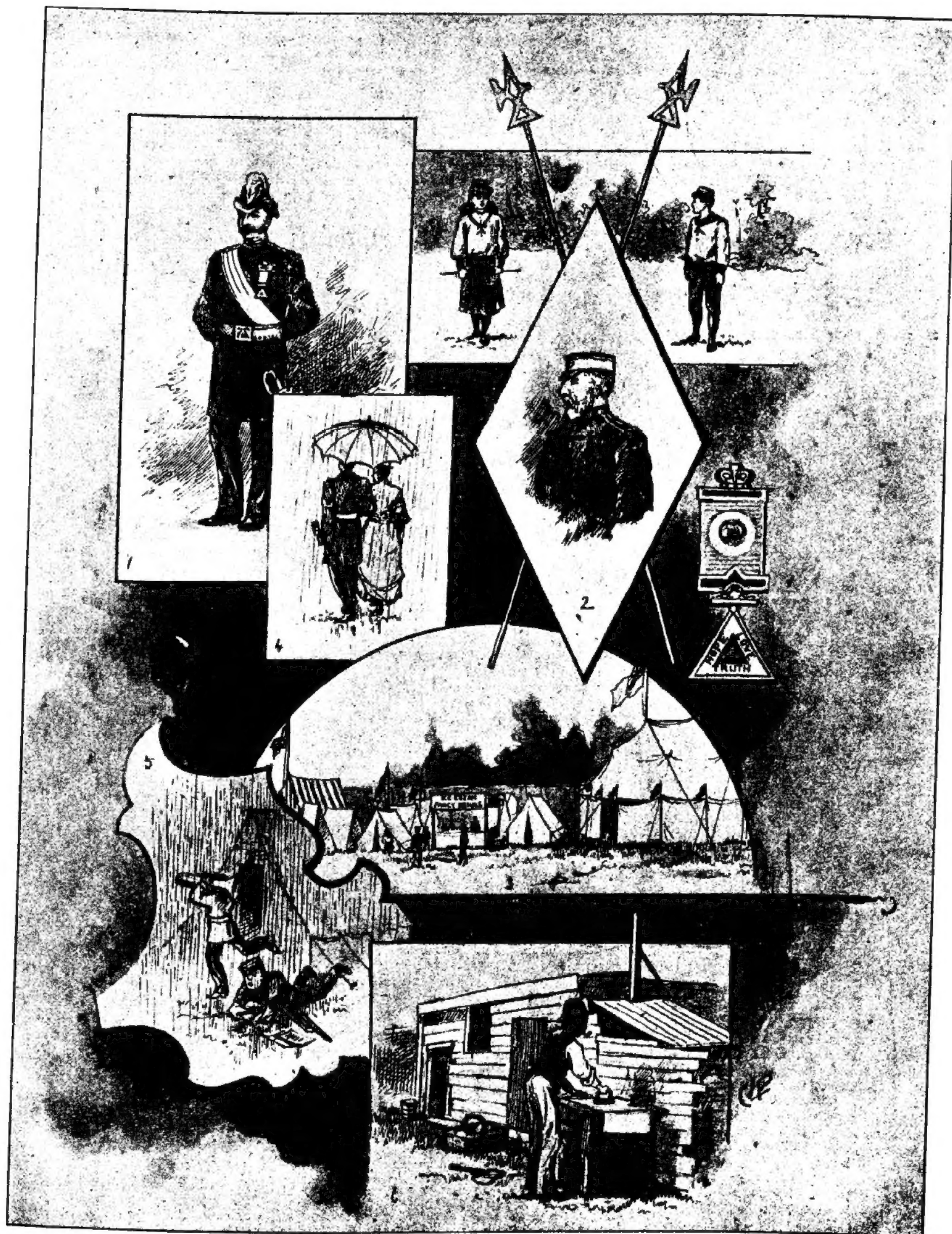


J. HUNTER DUVAR, Esq., Hernewood, Alberton, P.E.I.



THE OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY. (Cumming, photo.)





SKETCHES AT THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ROYAL TEMPLARS, MONTREAL. (By our special artist.)

1. A. M. Featherston, Esq., Dominion Councillor. 2. Bandmaster XIII. Battalion Band. 3. Mars defying the elements. 4. A favorite sport. 5. Fun for the Band. 6. What is home without a father.





**CHAMBLY, THE OLD FORT.**—These views are sure to be appreciated by the students of our antiquities—the fort of which the ruins are here depicted having once been one of the most important strongholds of Canada under both the old régime and under English rule. A short account of it will be found elsewhere.

**POINT ST. PETER, GASPÉ.**—The fishing establishment of Messrs. J. & E. Collas, which is depicted in this engraving, is one of the most important of those centres of enterprise which are the life of the Gaspéian coast. To those of our readers who have read the works of Mr. Le Moine, of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, of Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, or of Mr. J. C. Langelier, both Pointe Saint Pierre and J. & E. Collas will be familiar names. Of these writers, Mr. Drapeau was the first to do justice to the resources of the Gaspé region and its suitability for colonization. *La Gaspésie* heads the series of admirable studies which he published nearly thirty years ago on the development of this province. Twenty years later, Mr. Langelier devoted a valuable pamphlet entirely to the same maritime tract, and showed what progress it had made during the intervening period. Messrs. LeMoine and Faucher de Saint Maurice deal mainly with the scenery and romance of the Gaspé country. Of Point St. Peter the latter writes with rapture. It is one of the most picturesque spots on the coast, and the spectacle that it presents at sunrise he characterizes as superb. He describes the platforms for drying the fish and the white houses of the fishermen circling the rising ground in the rear, with the emporium of Messrs. Collas towering above the humbler structures of the village. The little islet of La Plateau, with its fantastic grottoes, is conspicuous in the foreground.

**ANSE-AUX-GRIFONS, GASPÉ.**—The busy scene represented in this engraving is thoroughly characteristic of the Gaspé shores. Anse aux-Griffons is in the township of Cap Rosier, just at that part of the coast where the river merges into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Following the line of coast from Fox River," writes Mr. LeMoine, "we come to Griffin Cove, thence to Cape Rosier, that Scylla of the St. Lawrence. An excellent lighthouse has been erected on the Cape to warn the mariner of his danger, and a gun is fired every half hour in thick, foggy weather." Those who would learn more of this portion of the Province of Quebec, will be gratified by consulting the eloquent pages of Mr. Le Moine's "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence."

**ST. LAMBERT—THE REGATTA, ETC.**—In this issue we give our readers some sketches of the regatta of Saturday last, to which fuller reference is made under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes." The village of St. Lambert is seen in the background, with vignettes of some of the noteworthy residences—those of Mayor Williams, of Mr. Whimby, secretary-treasurer; of Mr. Bourne and Mr. Wright. St. Lambert, which nature seems to have indicated a site the Brooklyn of Canada, has made considerable progress in recent years. Thirty years ago it had a population of 530 souls. At the last census this number had grown to 750, and at present it cannot be less than 1,200. Thus, it has nearly doubled during the last ten years. St. Lambert is delightfully situated for a suburban community, and is destined to be a place of importance. It has long enjoyed excellent railway facilities, but these have been greatly enlarged since the operation of the Canadian Pacific, which, with the Grand Trunk, the Central Vermont and Delaware & Hudson railways, furnishes ample accommodation for all the demands of the place. There are at present about fifty trains daily arriving at and leaving the village. A system of water works has been organized; the plan is ready and construction will shortly be begun. It is also contemplated to introduce electric lighting. St. Lambert is well provided with churches and schools. Of the former there are three—a Roman Catholic church, built in 1856, an Anglican church and a Methodist church. There are also good schools, French and English, including a model school, which has three teachers, and is successfully conducted. St. Lambert had a stirring history in the early days of the old régime, and was the scene of an engagement in which the valiant Charles Le Moyne routed the then savage Iroquois. In modern times it has long been noted as one of the termini of the world-renowned Victoria Bridge. Lying between Longueuil and Laprairie, face to face with Montreal, and at a comparatively short distance from the frontier at Rouse's Point, it is on the highway of communication with the older parts of this Province, with the United States and with Western Canada. It is more than probable that before long St. Lambert will receive incorporation as a town. We are indebted to Mr. Whimby, the secretary-treasurer, for these particulars.

**ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.**—The presence in Montreal of the Royal Templars of Temperance has been among the important events of the past week. Their camp, of which an illustration is given in this issue, was pitched on the south side of the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, and was visited by thousands of persons interested in the work or attracted by the unusual and imposing spectacle. The encampment consisted of about a hundred private tents, in which the members lived during the week; a large marquée in which the meetings and concerts were

held; a large dining tent in which the cravings of the body were supplied, and various other canvas structures, such as a reading room and offices of different kinds. There was ample variety—white tents, striped tents, plain tents and fancy tents, and all arranged so as to conduce to the welfare and comfort of the campers. Four huge electric lights poised upon a giant pole cast their silvery rays at evening over the temporary homes of the knights, while two others lit up the large tent in which the meetings were held. The knights were accompanied by their wives, and some of them by their young people, and made up a very happy family. The arrangements were all very complete and satisfactory and reflected much credit upon the committee who had them in charge. We also give portraits of Mr. R. J. Latimer, Grand Councillor of the Order for the Province of Quebec; and of Mr. Edgar C. Waters, District Councillor, Montreal.

**MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.**—In continuation of the views that we gave last week, we present our readers with a series of engravings from sketches taken by our special artist on the occasion of the annual inspection of the Battery. A historical outline of the career of the Battery since its formation in 1855 appeared in our last issue.

**SHOOTING IN MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.**—To sportsmen this engraving must be of great interest. It represents a picture taken from a photograph by Mr. Forbes, the artist, on his way back from the Rockies. Messrs. Ward, Warin, Small and Maughan, of Toronto, have shot together for 30 years. The picture represents a portion of the game they shot at Rush Lake, N.W.T., in 1886. Nineteen days to the four guns produced 2,620 ducks, 43 geese and 3 swans. The same party then went to Nepawa, Man., and shot 234 pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, in four days. In 1885 the same four sportsmen killed 2,826 ducks, 20 geese and some small game at Manitoba Lake in 29 days. To lovers of the gun and dog, the North-West is a perfect paradise, and the gentlemen named speak in very glowing terms of the beauty of the scenery all along the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the comforts to be had in the way of dining cars, etc.; in fact, to the kindness and attention of the officers and employes of that road they credit the whole success and pleasure of their trips.

**SCENES AT THE FIRING POINT OF THE MATCHES OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION.**—These scenes, like those of the Field Battery, are sure to interest our readers. Some account of what took place is given in another part of this issue.

### Chambly Fort.

The scene in our engraving, which has played an important part in the defence and wars of Canada under both the old régime and the new, is mentioned in all our histories from Charlevoix to Sulte and Kingsford. It is associated with events of interest to France, to Great Britain and the United States, as well as Canada, and, though fallen today from its proud estate, is still visited with eager expectancy by every tourist who finds himself near the Richelieu. On that noteworthy river—once called the Rivière des Iroquois—Fort Chambly is situated, about twelve miles below the town of St. Johns. The earlier Fort Portchartrain, which was of wood, was erected in 1665, but in the beginning of the 18th century it had become dilapidated and useless. In 1809 the Governor of Montreal, fearing a surprise on the part of the New Englanders, obtained from the Superior Council at Quebec an opinion favourable to its reconstruction. Three years passed before this opinion was ratified by the court of France, and an order to this effect arrived in Canada in 1712; but, meanwhile, the colonists, impatient of delay, had completed the work, this being terminated in 1711 (which date is still to be seen over the ruined gate-way)—the soldiers being actively aided in their operations by the residents of Montreal. The plan was drawn by M. de Lery, engineer, of New France. As it was at this period built, it still remains, consisting of a very large square, flanked by four bastions corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass.

Captain Jacques de Chambly, after whom the fort was named, was a captain in the Carignan Salieres, the first regiment of regular troops ever sent to America by the French Government. It was raised in Savoy by the Prince of Carignan in 1644, but was soon employed in the service of France, where, in 1652, it took a conspicuous part on the side of the king, in the battle with Condé and the Fronde at Port St. Antoine. After the peace of the Pyrenees, the Prince of Carignan, unable to support the regiment, gave it to the king, and it was for the first time incorporated into the French armies. In 1664 it distinguished itself as part of the allied force of France, in the Austrian force against the Turks. In the next year it was ordered to America, along with the fragment of a regiment formed of Germans, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel de Salieres. Hence its double name—Carignan Salieres.

In 1666-67, Fort Chambly is mentioned in connection with an expedition against the Mohawks under Tracy and Courcelle. In 1709-1711 it bore no important part in affairs. Not alone was Quebec threatened by a British fleet, but a force of 2,000 soldiers and as many Indians, under command of General Nicholson, was to march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but in consequence of a recurrence of disasters the British retreated, after burning their advanced posts. In 1712 and 1726, we read of the old fort doing its share in opposing various expeditions against Canada.

In 1734, M. de Beauharnois, believing that hostilities could not be long averted, wrote a despatch suggesting means to be taken for the defence of the colony against invasion, and in 1740, when war was imminent, the Governor made "Forts Chambly, Frederic and Niagara as secure as possible." We hear little of Chambly and its fort from this time until 1758-59, when "the Fort of Chambly, which defended the pass by the River Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, was strengthened and garrisoned by a body of regular troops and militia;" and, although Chambly bore no share in the actual fighting during the contest of 1759-60, we read that the French commandant retired before the advance of the British troops under Colonel Haviland, and further, that after the fall of Quebec in the spring of 1760 M. de Vaudreuil seconded a bold attempt of Chevalier de Levis to wipe out the last year's disasters by the re-conquest of Quebec. The necessary stores and ammunition were embarked at Sorel, which had been drawn from the depots of St. Johns and Chambly. The fort, from its position, offered great advantages as a military station, and from the conquest of Canada by the English until the final withdrawal of the troops a few years back, Chambly was retained as one of the garrisons of the country. After a long period of inaction, the old fort sprang into notice once more during the rebellion of 1837, but in later years it was allowed to fall into decay.

### MILITARY MATTERS.

The past week has seen the completion of two of the most important of the Provincial Rifle matches. The Quebec meeting closed on Friday, and was a success in every particular: fine weather, a large attendance of competitors, excellent management, and, above all, the pleasure arising from the meeting of a jolly lot of fellows from all parts of the two sister provinces—resulted in general satisfaction. The scoring was fully up to the average; but the men from this province did not show up as well as they should have done, explain it as they may. Out of twenty prizes in the Individual Aggregate, fifteen went to Ontario, that province also taking two of the three Team Aggregate prizes. This may possibly be due to the courtesy of our city battalions in not wishing to show too grasping a spirit on their own range; but somehow we fail to look at it in that light. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* The Carslake trophy was a brilliant exception to the prevailing order of things, and the Victoria Rifles deserve congratulation on their brilliant shooting in this match. It is very much to be regretted that the two Quebec corps (53rd and 54th), who have made such excellent scores in the Military League competition, were not more fully represented, in view of the criticisms recently made by the Halifax press.

The competitors at the Nova Scotia Provincial Association matches were much less fortunate on the score of weather, but in other points the meeting fully equalled that held concurrently in Montreal. For rifle-shooting Halifax is ahead of any other city in the Dominion proportionately to population; and last week's work shows no diminution in the skill of its marksmen. The public presentation of prizes on the range by Lieut.-Governor Daly in the presence of Sir John Ross, H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, and other notables, gave a brilliant wind up to the proceedings. It is worthy of note that in the Battalion match the teams from the Imperial troops in garrison—one each from the Royal Engineers and the West Riding Regiment—were at the bottom of the list. This is an old story, but for the honour of the regular troops it should not exist; with regiments twice as strong as those of the militia, and with unlimited time and ammunition, our professional brothers-in-arms should not permit themselves to be beaten by amateurs at one of the most important branches of their profession.

An imposing ceremony took place at St. John, N.B., a few days ago—the trooping of the King's colour of the old 2nd Battalion N.B. Militia by the 62nd Fusiliers, and the stately ceremonial of its presentation to Trinity Church by the officer commanding that regiment. Such events are few in Canada, and deserve special attention whenever they occur. The address by which they were committed to the care of one of the most historic churches in Canada, and the reply of the officiating clergyman, were couched in words well befitting the occasion. An additional interest was given by the presence of Ensign Wishart, one of the officers who received the old colours 63 years ago.

It is a painful surprise to hear that the loyal and military city of Kingston permits the graves of its past defenders to fall into a disgraceful condition from sheer neglect; it is a blot on its fair name that the broken tombstones and uncared for mounds in the Ordnance-street cemetery should mark the resting-place of many of the garrison of which the city was once so proud.

By the death of Staff-Sergeant Curzon, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, that regiment loses a faithful member and the Queen a loyal servant. He had served for 13 years, was an excellent shot, and had the honourable distinction of being recommended for the Victoria Cross, from which he was, however, debarred by the absurd rule which prohibits that honour from being conferred on members of the Colonial Service.



# Tom's Yarn.

A TALE OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG CANADA.

By SPRINGBROS.

To the enthusiastic yachtsman there are few feelings so utterly hopeless as those engendered during the monotony of a dead calm. The even roll of the vessel, the limp, dejected flag, the slack sail, each contributes its small quota in the vast accumulation of misfortunes that so vexes his eager soul. With our small party it was particularly noticeable; they were, with one sad exception, deep in rueful regrets—sweet vain longings for the unattainable. Most fond were the pictures recalled of distant homes and domestic circles, of friends and parents. The solitary exception was one who, on account of his being a landlubber and unused to go down to the sea in ships, had been written on the articles as General Utility Man, to wit: your humble scribe and servant! He was prostrate on a bunk in the cabin. The steady, ceaseless roll of the yacht had brought him to a state of most abject misery. He prayed vaguely for death—anything to end the horrible sufferings he experienced. Forgive him, gentle reader, for he was so reduced as to be but the shade of his normal self. Virtue, pride, manhood, all had gone out of him, and but the outer crust, the empty shell, of his former grand and wholly brave individuality remained.

The cook had brought a mattress and cushion out of the cabin, in defiance of orders, and lay thereon, puffing moodily at a disreputable corn-cob pipe. The able-bodied seaman reclined forward on a rug, his face upturned and his hands clasped behind the back of his head, staring vacantly at the sky in a state of shameless collapse.

The skipper alone bore up bravely through it all. He sat exposed to the hot sun, holding the tiller, more, as he was fain to confess, for the sake of example than because he had any hope of making the vessel answer her helm. Though he perspired freely, like a true sailor he stuck manfully to his duty.

There, you have the four who comprised the complement of souls on board the yacht *Spray*. Three stalwart Canadians, hale and hearty, and one ditto citizen of the Great Union, temporarily indisposed.

The three Canadians underwent all the tortures of blighted hopes and plans disarranged on account of the dead calm. The citizen of the Great Union also suffered, but he did not care a continental about their plans disarranged, etc. Discipline was at an end. The skipper was not only regarded without due deference, he was openly reviled and threatened with vague but dire vengeance by the exasperated crew. He it was who had proposed the expedition, and inveigled us into joining it by anticipating, in glowing language, the pleasure and excitement in prospect if we consented to accompany him on board his yacht. Alas! we listened to his insinuating address, believed his sweet-spoken promise, and, in an evil hour, consented to come.

From the small village of Pointe-au-Pic, on the Lower St. Lawrence, we set sail one bright August day. There was a good westerly wind blowing, and the *Spray* moved out from her moorings near the wharf amid the plaudits of an admiring crowd, assembled there to witness the arrival of the Quebec steamer. Presently we responded to their salutations as we sped bravely off before the wind.

We proposed to reach Tadoussac during the night, spend the following day there, then cross to the south shore to visit Cacouna and Kamouraska before returning. How true is the saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes!"

In about two hours' time the wind died out, and the broad sheet of water quickly became perfectly smooth, save for a horrible undulating swell, which continued throughout, causing the little craft to roll with a sickening motion, much resembling that of the pendulum of a clock in its unchanging, ceaseless regularity.

The skipper was naturally rather discouraged; he felt the responsibility of his position. His eloquence had long since been exhausted, and so had his resources. The wind positively refused to be wooed. The cook darkly hinted at the possibility of a Jonah being on board, and suggested a strict examination, but the libellous insinuation was not followed up.

But, and may Allah reward him for it, a bright idea occurred to the skipper.

"I say, Tom," he called out, "what was that story I heard about a queer experience you had on the Montreal boat? Give it us now, like a good fellow, to while away the time."

Tom, the cook before alluded to, was a youth of pronounced depths of dissimulation. His melancholy countenance and quaint querulous speech masked as gay, reckless and pleasure-loving a nature as was to be found amongst the many untamed young students of McGill University, Montreal. But withal he had an undercurrent of good in him struggling untiringly to assert itself, though seldom succeeding, alas!

He puffed on at his pipe meditatively a moment before replying. Then, in a sad, plaintive tone he said: "Captain, that is unfair; it is even ungentlemanly? You seduce me into joining what promises to become an indefinitely prolonged cruise in this miserable little tub of yours, whence there is no escape. You have already degraded me by conferring on me a menial title which will involve my setting to at hard, uncongenial manual labour. And now you would amuse yourself, forsooth, by having me reveal a cherished secret, and at the same time relate mine

own misfortune. I refuse sir," and he settled his head more comfortably on the cushion with an air of determination.

But the able-bodied seaman, roused to animation at the prospect of a yarn, basely forsook his fellow-rebel. Tom's stories were famous amongst his friends. He had a peculiar propensity for fitting in the most awkward situations, which was only equalled by the droll exaggerated account he gave of the same when he could be induced to gratify his friends.

The A. B. and the captain waxed persuasive, they begged and they threatened, all in vain! Despite their eloquence, Tom remained obdurate. Finally they resorted to force. His mattress was pulled from under him, the skipper threw himself upon his prostrate form and, unmindful of struggles and protestations, held his arms, whilst the able-bodied seaman he-laboured him with the cushion. This stern treatment soon brought him to reason. Then a bottle of claret was procured and three glasses filled, one of which was offered as a bribe. Tom regarded the refreshment with a longing eye. He held out his hand, which was released for the purpose by his captor, but the glass was withdrawn. "Promise to give us the yarn, or not a drop do you get," declared the A. B. sternly.

"And this is friendship," quoth the unhappy prisoner, waving his hand skyward; but it was again seized by the skipper and pinioned down to the deck. "Well, I will tell you the story. Give me the claret first, though."

The invalid had been attracted to the deck when the scuffle began. At least his pale, woe-begone face was visible peering at them above the companion-way, and, after a short palaver, he was prevailed upon to venture further, though not without misgivings. A strong dose of brandy was next administered, and the bulky son of Neptune stood over him with such a threatening crest that, recalling the treatment of the unfortunate cook, he rallied and declared quickly that he felt quite well.

Thereupon all prepared for Tom's yarn. I cannot hope to do it justice writing, as I do, from memory alone. His style was inimitable, and, of course, it is impossible to set down his manner and the whimsical seriousness of his expression, which at times grew so absurdly puzzling that, for the life of you, you could not say "here he jests, or here he is really moved to earnestness." Probably he could not have told himself. Tom is, in truth, just the man to be the hero of an adventure; he has the rare gift of telling a story well. His own words move him as he speaks, and he is carried away to such an extent that he enters into the spirit of them, casting from him all other thoughts, except that of telling and acting the part he has taken upon himself for the time. We quite forgot our disappointments and ills as the story proceeded. As he, in his clear, flexible voice, with his grotesquely impressive face, expressed himself moved, even so were we moved. For the time we were the servants of his will, and the servitude was by no means one at which the soul rebelled. Finally, at the conclusion, when we had recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by the ridiculous *dénouement*, a vote of thanks was tendered him with hearty unanimity. Truly a great art is that of the accomplished yarn spinner! And, O Thomas, my friend, thou wilt do great deeds some day, the world will certainly hear more of thee. When time has toned down that youthful frivolity, and the stern purpose of the man directs those keen wits of thine, will not that clear sounding voice be heard again, and yet again, and will not men listen unto it spellbound, even as we three did on board the *Spray*? I trow it will, I trow they will.

Tom sipped his claret a moment, regarding with mock reproach his grinning and expectant audience, then he began

## HIS STORY.

"I was returning home from a trip up the river. Jack May, another McGill man, and myself had been off together spending part of the vacation among the great lakes. We saw that stupendous marvel of Nature's grandeur—the Niagara Falls. We lingered amongst the Thousand Islands, saw and admired, as others have done and will continue to do. And in our own peculiar way, according to our lights, we were happy and highly satisfied with our trip. But ere we reached the protecting shelter of our homes a misfortune befell us. We were obliged to wait over a day in Montreal, and there encountered some college men, who insisted upon helping us to put in the time. Their intentions were doubtless good intentions, and did credit alike to their hospitality and their regard for us as fellow-students on vacation. But they over-reached themselves; they entertained us too well. Indeed, I dare surmise that had it not been for their flattering attentions I should not now be relating this tale of woe. However, *verbum sap.*"

In the evening we were escorted down to the Quebec boat, by which our passage was booked, and sent off in a most inspiring manner. I forget exactly what became of Jack. I know he was by my side on the after deck waving his hat in response to the farewell shouts of our late companions as the boat moved off; but after that he disappeared. Probably he retired, like a wise youth, to his stateroom.

I was, however, in a more wakeful and enterprising humour. Turning to observe my fellow-passengers, I was attracted by a pair of bright laughing eyes. The owner, a young girl, was seated opposite me. She made a beautiful picture, with the sinking sun for a background—an artistic setting of glorious light outlining her graceful little figure. There was a faint soft breeze blowing, which moved some loose tresses of hair about her temples. And

the gleam from the sunset, as it glanced from her small shapely head, seemed to form a halo of golden light behind it. I can see her now! Indeed I often see her, both in my dreams and when I am awake. But, ah! she will never, to my eyes at least, appear so irresistibly attractive as she was at that first meeting. Had I been an artist I would have longed to sketch her! Had I been a poet I would immediately have strung my impassioned lay to the fitful rustling of those tresses of soft brown hair at her temples! Being neither artist nor poet, I struck an attitude. I tilted my hat the least lit over one eye, leaned against the deck railing, fingered my watch-chain with my right hand, caressed the down on my upper lip with my left, and smiled at her. The attitude was not exactly unstudied; but, as it had answered admirably on former occasions, I had great confidence in it. And apparently it was deserving of my good opinion, for she returned my smile. She beamed upon me, this bright goddess of the midsummer sunset!

It is useless to linger over that scene; it was indescribable. I don't think I am more impressionable than the ordinary run, but her glance did thrill me unspeakably. I gazed enthralled! Her face had a queer fascination for me, and it seemed, somehow, that I had known it before. Have you ever, in the dreary silence of a sleepless night, shut your eyes to hide the oppressive gloom which appals your nervous senses with its dread impenetrable blackness, and then seen a loving and lovely face, familiar yet unknown? You stare at it enraptured, start up with wide extended arms and eyes glowing with responsive love, and behold it is gone. Have you, perchance, gazed upon some beautiful painting of a female face, and as you, admiring, shift your position to get it in a better light, you catch a glimpse of something that stirs you, you cannot tell what? A brief vague impression that has vanished before its presence is realized. In vain you seek for it again, it is gone. Have you experienced these conceptions? No. Well, neither have I. But, if I had, they would have affected me exactly as the girl's face did.

Judge then as to the feeling with which I gazed upon her. Were they, I ask, deserving of vulgar contempt? Alas! it shows how gross are the minds of men when that state of high wrought, sublime ecstasy but served to amuse such of the passengers as observed it.

One man in particular I noticed, at length, was regarding me with intense interest. He was laughing and, it appeared, making vile brutal jokes at my expense. It was a great, fat, overdressed youth, and he was simply convulsed. His bloated cheeks were purple with suppressed mirth. I happened to meet his eye and, even to my entranced senses, the cause of his merriment was manifest. Down I came to earth with surprising rapidity; my head swam with the sudden shock of my descent, and my blood boiled with ire. I assumed instantly my most imposing air and frowned truculently. Would I not punish this insolent churl that dared to thrust his vulgar jibes in between me and one who was as far superior to me as I flattered myself I was to him? Most assuredly. No brave knight in the days of chivalry burned more ardently for the fray than I did for the oily gore of that stout scoffer. For a space his fate hung in the balance, then my cooler judgment, with a regard for the fitness of things, triumphed over the honest indignation of a brave heart outraged. I contented myself with scowling my sentiments; and indeed the effect of that was enough. The fat youth became suddenly intensely grave and looked rather sheepish. He shifted uneasily under my eye. At length I released him from its magnetism and stalked off with a triumphant theatrical stride to a remote corner, where, seating myself on a chair, I leaned my elbows on the railing and stared moodily over it into the waters.

How unsympathetic people are! Oh, the world, the horrible, vulgar world! I yearned for the grand old days of belted knights, rearing war horses and distressed princesses. The progressive roar of the nineteenth century, with its steam engines, its factories, its electric marvels, and all the thousand and one other signs of advancement were, for the moment, to me as naught compared to those free, unfettered days of yore. Then, if a man offended you, you straightway cut him down with your own good sword, and there was an end to it. This train of thought led me on to speculate as to how I should deal with the object of my present wrath under such circumstances. In fancy, I had placed his generous figure on a vicious prancing steed, put a lance in his hand, and girt his fat proportions with a suit of armour. With the most bloodthirsty intent I pictured myself opposing him, also mounted, mail-clad, with lance in rest. I had just unhorsed him, and was proceeding with the utmost *sangfroid* to deprive the craven wretch of his unworthy life when a hand was placed softly on my shoulder, and a sweet voice murmured something, I know not what—sweet entreating, perhaps, to stay my avenging arm. I turned, and—Yes, it was she, the vision of benign beauty; the cause of my present combat! I arose all dazed, trying to collect my wandering wits.

"So happy," I mumbled; "mercy is the province of the fair—that is, I mean, er—er—," and my voice died away in an inarticulate murmur as I realized that this was the nineteenth century, and that no foeman lay ignominiously humbled beneath my conquering blade. This revealed the state of affairs to me in another and equally dramatic light.

The young lady regarded me strangely a moment, came forward a step impulsively, then stopped short laughing as I retreated.

(To be continued.)

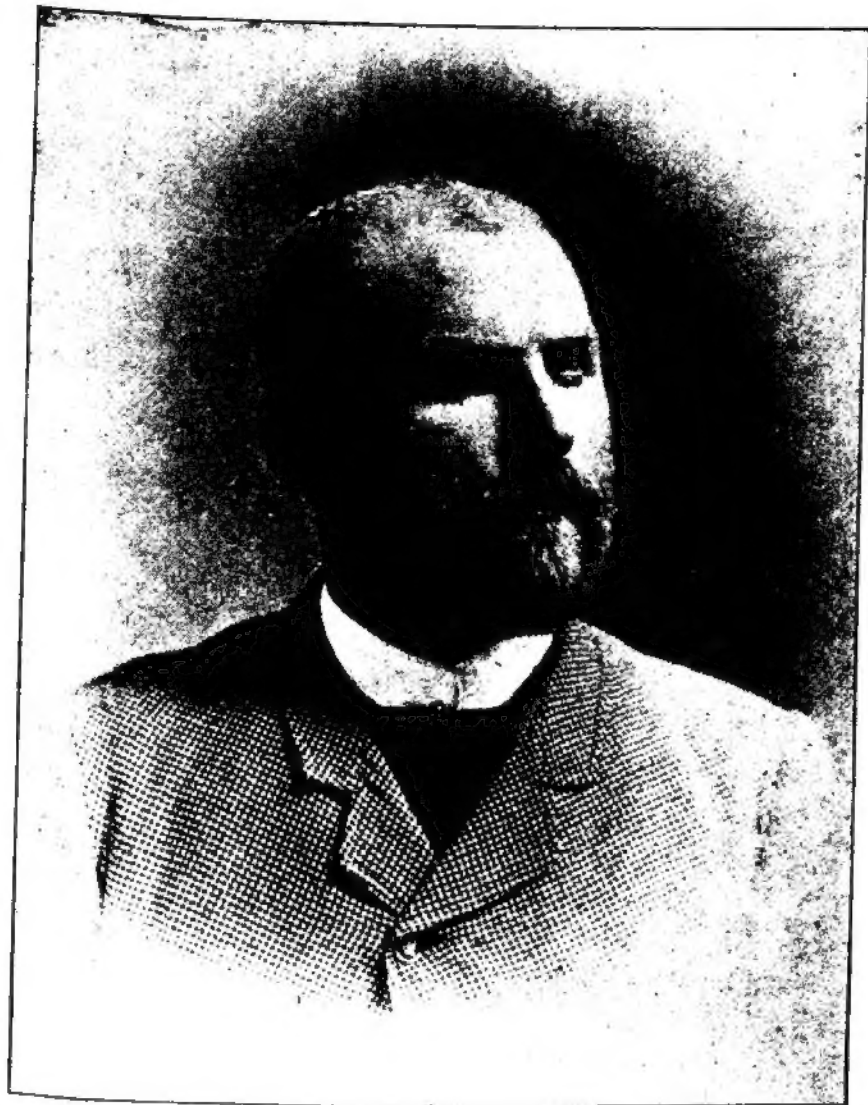




SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY, 13th AUGUST. (By our special artist.)

1. A lay-off. 2. The Inspecting Officer. 3. Cleaning up. 4. The Colonel's experiment. 5. The Commanding Officer. 6. A Gunner. 7. After the parade.





R. J. LATIMER, Esq., Grand Councillor, Montreal.



EDGAR C. WATERS, Esq., District Councillor, Montreal.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ROYAL TEMPLARS.



FIELD SPORTS IN MANITOBA.





CHERRYFIELD, Aug. 13, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR,—The Dodona groves give forth scarcely a whisper, and most of the many rills of Helicon are running dry in this parched season, wherefore the verse I send you may have a "ground out" quality, scarcely permissible, whether for trade or friendship. For you remember the sagacious and sage Mr. Wegg, who enlightened Boffin's Bower with this bit of wisdom: "When a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its *weakening effect on his mind*." . . . . . When I dropped into poetry I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

P. F.

## OUR DOCTOR.

It is time for recess! or, perchance, the nooning hour has come, for they are pouring out of the school-room with the gurgling glee of water out of a bottle. *They!* have I said, school-fellows? Are they not *ourselves* that rush out, that leap, and fling their arms abroad, and whoop, and hurl the ball or stone? Hark! there is a rattle of wheels along by the roadside apple trees yonder, and those that droop over the fence from the Crowell farm, where we were glad to pick up the crabbedest knurlins, and then pelt the branches for more.

"Here come the doctor!" It is the general cry, and then they set off to meet the advancing carriage as soon as it is in sight. It is Dr. Brown,\* our village Esculapius, and a venerable favourite among the boys and girls. He is a standing rebuke to all disease—that spreads its melancholy vans to be away on his arrival. A "noticeable man" is he, with a face and figure to command attention, at the hustings and in legislative halls, as well as in invalids' chambers. And he wins many a nod and smile as he sits stoutly erect in his buggy; for, though his place by right of years may be among the elders, wanting their tameness and gravity, he is likely as not to be classed with the boys—being a dear lover of all lovers of bat and ball. Under his seventy winters he stands, in his brown wig, without a visible sprinkle of frost or one flake of the snow that boreal Age commonly sifts upon us before our three score years are told; so he will assert his former boyhood and maintain a perpetual youth. And well he may do this, for under the aforesaid wig shines his sagacious and rubicund face—a very sun of good humour, whence little rays of cheerfulness come streaming wherever he goes. Tennyson describes the "busy wrinkles" round the face of his miller, and surely the wrinkles round our doctor's were busy and merry. He looks like a good piece of oak, well seasoned. Let him choose to alight, and, like the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, face and figure will be like a pleasant medicine to the eye:

"Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak Of the unfaded rose still enlivens his cheek. 'Mid the dews in the sunshine of morn, 'mid the joy Of the fields, he collected that bloom when a boy; There fashioned that countenance, which in spite of a stain That his life hath received, to the last will remain— A farmer he was; and his house far and near Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer."

Yes, he was brought up on a farm, and his lusty youth was nourished on fresh milk and brown bread, with sights and scents of barn and byre, and clover fields and breaths of spring mornings, and crisp November airs; farmer he still is, as well as doctor, and man of affairs; so he will, indeed, bloom brightly to the last, like an everlasting flower.

As he comes rattling up abreast the school-house, followed by his young body-guard in laughing commotion, he shakes—a very mirthful jelly—and cries out: "Oh, you whipper-snappers! you whipper-snappers! get on here if you can!" Then he starts up his horse, and the children stream after him in full cry, and he slackens his pace directly and leans over to banter them. In they climb, over the back or any other way they can, till the buggy is full, and he is happy. Why did he never have wife or children, while so many of narrow or shrivelled social natures are scowling on both? "Here, you rogues!" what are you doing?" he exclaims, as a copy of "Felix Holt, the Radical," that has been lying open on the seat, is thrust to the ground by their shuffling feet, when the wheels pass over it. It is restored; and, as he is already overloaded, he starts up again at a good pace, the rest running still behind, while he leans laughingly to snap his whip at the stragglers, slowly lagging at last, unable to hold on. "Get away! get away!" he exclaims, in an ebullition of buoyant spirits. "Get away; the old mare has enough of you." The little fellow with the s'raw hat, ragged and rimless, is helped to the seat beside him; and the little miss, a pert pet, is taken on his knee to be kissed, and to have him pull her ringlets and talk sweet, amusing nonsense to her. So I see him ride on through the village and down the descending road, where, from the hill's green brow, you may notice how Hantsport shows whitely and the bending river sparkles in the sun.

Dear, old bachelor doctor! You are among the unforgettable. Where you were and one other there was always reason for laughter. What if the joke were sometimes re-

\*Edward Lothrop Brown, M.D., M.P.P., of Wolfville, N.S.

torted, you were always ready when the time came round again.\* But where is the face that shines like Katrine's morning mirror,† but sometimes it bears the shadow of a cloud? And so I have seen even upon *your* face, deemed by you unobserved, looks sadly serious enough. You could not cut brother-flesh nor stand by dying neighbours without emotion. Prompt, executive, when anything was to be done; a man of affairs, dealing closely with such as closely deal; not altogether without spotted garments or giving cause of offense; yet were you warm, friendly, companionable—yes, and generous, too. Dear, old bachelor doctor! *my* companion, friend and comfortable physician in many an hour that delighted and tried my soul! My host and mentor—often my charioteer—had I the pen of a genius I would make you immortal; you should shine with the Galens of the past, as worthy of them. I, at least, have not forgotten you; and to me your rosy face seems almost as real and present to-day as if I had seen it but yesterday. Whatever your faults—and I shall not disclose them—you loved children and the dumb and helpless things of the earth; with you dwelt the old humanities; the flavour of precious books was in your thought and speech, and to you "the poetry of earth was never dead," or the muse's tongue silent. In my breast you abide tenderly for you helped to awaken in me the slumbering desire of song, and you showed me where many a poetic treasure lay hidden. How you gloried in Poet Burns and in Poet Butler! How you exalted the masters, and alternately petted and scouted the poetlings! And when I recounted my childish gains and hopes, or poured my schoolboy sorrows into your ear, you encouraged, praised and soothed me, tenderly judicious. How you entertained me, and gave me the very quintessence of pedagogic lore! Through you I learned to know and love Goldsmith. That picture in your home of the Irish school-master, with upraised switch, and your familiar recitation of:

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace—,"

Are they not among the choicest of memory's treasures? Where shall I find in modern elocution the fine *éclat*, the magnificent gusto, with which you endowed the matchless, immortal lines of "Tam o' Shanter," as we rode at evening in sweet solitude together by the red winding banks through which the Gaspereau debouches into Mines, and by the marshes of Avonport? With what gesticulations and wild peals of laughter did you do it! And how you would recite "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," or other of the bacchanal rollicking strains of social, tipsy Burns! And now I hear you compliment Tom Moore and depreciate him almost in the same breath, by singing:

"Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;  
Never, oh, never its balm bestowing  
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.  
But when some warm, devoted lover  
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
Then, then around my spirit shall hover  
And hallow each drop that foams for him!"

Then, turning to me, and saying in a tone of mock disgust: "There! isn't that pretty nonsense. Sound! sound! not a rational idea in it." How often have I seen you flourish your whip, growing magniloquent, as did ever Wilkins Macawber, Esq., over some ludicrous screed from your favourite, Hudibras!‡ But this mirth dies in the distance, and a silence falls. It is not far from laughter to tears, and there is a spot at last where pure *bonhomie*, like animal courage, evaporates. Stay! stalwart form, mirthful presence! Did I ever see you sad? Sad for others you had often need to be, and even yours was the end appointed for all living; but where did I ever behold a face that could be so radiant, save one, on which the light of Heaven itself was then shining? When you return in memory how often it is with a semblance of Wordsworth's "Gray-haired Man of Glee":

"The sighs that Matthew heaved were sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness."

Surely the lines might have been written for you! Still, to me you remain as I used to see you, and as you were on this school-boy day of mine, your lips, your eyes gave no hint of the "speechless dust" to which they have since gone. Of late, I stood beside a mound named for you behind the little chapel upon that fair eminence overlooking the sylvan beauties of your home, and read a familiar symbol cut in marble. A white hand, with index finger pointing upward:—*Sic itur ad astra*.

"Can it be  
That these few words  
Are all that must remain of thee."

\*"Ye'll find no change in me," he had said, humorously, to one who applied to him, as road-commissioner, for "a little change" to repair a bridge. "Faith, Doctor," was the reply, "ye've often changin' yer coat since I knew ye."

†Are you going to vote for me?" he asked an inconsequential coloured man, just before election, merely to hoax him. "No, Doctah, I don't vote fer no one: I jes' stan's *mutual*."

‡Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true  
Than every free-born glance confess'd  
The guileless movements of her breast.—SCOTT.

§Such for instance as:

"When pulpit-drum ecclesiastic  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick," etc.

Indeed, I had learned from his lips a considerable part of the first Canto before he gave me the volume. He frequently talked with me about this poet and gave me much of his sad history.

But the wheels have rattled out of hearing; the doctor is away to his patient's; the children come trooping back; the bell calls, while from the shelter of apple trees and the Balm-of-Gileads, the humming human bees buzz, eddying into the hive.

PASTOR FELIX.

## SONNETS.

I.

L'ESCARBOT.

While we followed on our course, there came from the land odours incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the Orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch out our hands, as it were, to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since.—*Marc L'escarbot's Journal*.

Old voyager! to Acadie's virgin shore  
The forest-muse bade welcome! Sunny-soul'd,  
The magic of thine eye turn'd all to gold;  
Enriching the quaint, cheerful fancy's store,  
Filling Port Royal with romantic lore.  
After the length'ning sea, beclouded, dim,  
The warm July with joy thy heart did brim;  
Like climbing roses looked the breakers frow.  
What odorous winds, incomparably sweet,  
From wide woods hail'd thee, gladly sailing near,  
Till thou didst stretch thy hands forth to receive  
The palpable gift—the smiling coasts to greet,  
Dressed in the gayest garments that the year  
Doth from her bloomy wardrobe deign to give.

II.

MARY.

No man who has had the love and companionship of such a one as my dear saint for twenty years, can complain of not getting all, and more than all, he deserves in this world.—*From a brother's letter on the death of his wife*.

My love, so late,—my life's best ornament,  
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised—  
The jewel of my dark. Now Heaven be praised,  
By whom thy shining goodness was sent!  
My lode-star,—for a little season lent,  
Then soft withdrawn into thy guardian sky,—  
Shed thy ripe influence on me silently,—  
Sweet minister, with so benign intent!  
The love I could not speak, the faith I meant,  
I feel thou knowest, wheresoe'er thou art,  
The undivided homage of a heart  
Whose confined days in solitude are spent,  
Is thine—thine only; while all thoughts are blent  
With thee,—my love, my life's best ornament.

## VISION.

Ever before us move the luminous shape  
Of our Ideal,—as the column'd flame  
Lighted their camp who out of Egypt came,  
Rosy as sunset on some cloudy cape,  
Let not the alluring form our eye escape;  
Let us press to its mark, all girt and shod,  
Wing-footed, as the young magnetic god—  
The message-bearing Hermes. Who would ape  
Or woo the past forever? Who would grope  
In mouldy vaults, or ruin'd vaults explore,  
Or gaze on deserts bare from side to side?  
Beckon, thou bright Unseen!—give space and scope!  
Men perish, visionless; celestial-eyed,  
Lo! deep on deep, life's star-set portals ope!

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

## A REGRET.

THAT TWO NATURE-LOVERS COULD NOT MEET WITH THE  
AUTHOR AT OSSIFEE PARK, MOULTONBOROUGH, N.H.

I have just come up from the brook with two gallons of water better, I fancy, than the nectar of the gods. It is pleasant to go for this water, down through the alders and then through the pines, feeling the air grow cooler and seeing the woods grow dimmer,—down to the mossy brook, which makes a babbling music, and seems to be, except one's self, the only living thing. Whenever I am at the brook I think of Isaac Walton and the sweet little poem in which he says:

"These crystal streams shall solace me."—LETTER.

If they were here among those hills with me,  
Then perfect here would my contentment be;  
I long to-day for their society.

How much to me their absence has denied!  
O, that they could have laid their oars aside,  
And left awhile their galley to the tide.

I know their love of nature equals mine;  
I know they see in Nature a design  
To raise us up to that which is Divine.

I know they hold that God, with wise intent,  
Created all, o'er which well-pleased He bent,  
That beauty is no simple accident.

That unto them of quickened ear and eye  
It does His love and goodness testify:  
How dull the sense that does this creed deny!

\*Those beautiful words of Edmund Spencer apply most fully to her whom this sonnet commemorates; who did, indeed, become the salvation of her husband, and as an ornament of gold about his neck.



And so I would that they were here to-day,  
To walk with me this winding, mossy way,  
Wherein alone my noiseless feet delay ;  
Assured that theirs would be the peace that fills,  
On this fair day, the voices of these hills,  
And all the gentle whispers of these hills.

But some may from the tasks assigned them rest,  
While others must be doing His behest,—  
Come, sweet Content ! I know His will is best.  
Cragshire, Ossipee.

RALPH H. SHAW.

### Douglas Brymner, Archivist.

Douglas Brymner, historical archivist of the Dominion, was born in Greenock, Scotland, in the year 1823. He is the fourth son of Alexander Brymner, banker, originally from Stirling, where the family held for many years a prominent position.

The subject of our sketch was educated at the Greenock Grammar school, where, under the skilful tuition of Dr. Brown, he mastered the classics and higher branches of study. After leaving school, Mr. Brymner received a thorough mercantile training. He began business on his own account, and subsequently admitted his brother Graham as partner, on the return of the latter from the West Indies, where he had been living for some years. The brothers were highly successful, the younger filling, in later years, several important offices, such as justice of the peace for the County of Renfrew and chairman of the Sanitary Commission for his native town. He died in 1882 from typhus fever, contracted in the discharge of his duties as chairman, universally regretted by all. In 1853 Mr. Brymner married Jean Thompson (who died in 1884), daughter of William Thomson, of Hill End, by whom he had nine children, five of whom survive. The eldest of these is William, a rising artist of an excellent school, who has studied for several years in the best studios of Paris, and of whose merits our Montreal readers need not be told. The second son, George Douglas, is an accountant in the Bank of Montreal, and James, the third son, is in the North-West. One daughter and a son are at home. In consequence of ill health, induced by close application to business, Mr. Brymner was compelled to retire from the partnership in 1856. Complete withdrawal from mercantile cares for a year having restored him to something like his former self, he removed to Canada in 1857, and settled in Melbourne, in the Eastern Townships. Here he filled the office of mayor for two terms with conspicuous ability. On both occasions he had been elected without a contest, and without having solicited a single vote from any one, his belief being that an office of this sort ought to be conferred by the unasked suffrage of the constituency. He declined to serve for a third term, although earnestly requested to do so. While mayor, he introduced various improvements in the mode of conducting municipal business. Having, like other immigrants possessing capital, found his means vanishing before the financial crisis of 1857, Mr. Brymner drifted into what seemed to be his natural calling—literature, for which his early training and continuous study well qualified him. On the acceptance by Dr. Snodgrass of the office of Principal of Queen's College, the post of editor of the *Presbyterian*, the official journal of the Church of Scotland in Canada, became vacant. It was offered to Mr. Brymner, his fitness for the position having been recognized by the leaders of the church, he having been an active member of the Church Courts as a representative elder, and his numerous contributions to the discussion of important religious topics being esteemed and valuable. Under his guidance, the editorials being written in a straightforward, independent spirit, the paper at once took a high place. Many of Mr. Brymner's articles on ecclesiastical questions in particular were much admired, and leading religious journals often made lengthy quotations from them. About the same time he joined the staff of the *Montreal Herald*, where in a little while he was appointed associate editor with the Hon. Edward Goff Penny. Often, owing to the severe indisposition of Mr. Penny, Mr. Brymner had sole editorial charge of the *Herald*. He was noted as one of the most efficient and hard-working members of the Press Gallery, and in 1871 the presidency of the Press Association devolved upon him. A year later, in 1872, it having been resolved to establish a new branch of the Civil Service, namely, the collection of the historical records of the Dominion and its Provinces, Mr. Brymner, with the approval of men of all political shades, received the appointment. Before leaving Montreal for Ottawa an address, signed by leading men in the professions, in business and of the different nationalities, was presented to Mr. Brymner, accompanied by a munificent testimonial. No better selection could have been made for the office of Archivist than that of Mr. Brymner. He had peculiar fitness for the task imposed on him. His extensive historical knowledge, unwearied industry, patience and love for research, his power of organizing and arranging materials for reference, etc., were all admirable qualifications, and these he possessed to a remarkable degree. His reports are models, and present in clear and terse language the result of his labours. The story of the origin of the office, and the important part played in its construction by Mr. Brymner will be found in the Archivist's report for 1883. In 1881 the Public Record Office (London) authorities republished the whole of Mr. Brymner's report as their own, owing, as the Keeper of Records, Sir William Hardy, said, to the importance of the information it contained. Every year since then copious extracts have been made

from Mr. Brymner's reports. Perhaps it will not be out of place to insert here the following excerpt from the preface to the admirably annotated publication of "Hadden's Journal and Orderly Books," by General Horatio Rogers, who says: "I cannot refrain from referring to the unwearied zeal and unfailing courtesy of Mr. Douglas Brymner, the Archivist of the Dominion of Canada, in affording me the fullest and most satisfactory use of the Haldimand papers and the other manuscripts confided to his charge. Would that all public officials in custody of valuable manuscripts might take a lesson from him!" Mr. Brymner is an adherent of the Church of Scotland, to which he has always belonged, and he has been one of the most formidable opponents of union. His evidence before the Senate Committee, on the 24th and 26th of April, 1882, which is substantially the argument of the non-content on the union question, was presented with great power and skill. It can be found in a pamphlet of over forty pages, published by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, 1883. The greater part of his literary work is anonymous. He possesses a fund of caustic humour, some of which found vent in his letters in Scotch, under the name of *Thomas Treddles*, an octogenarian Paisley weaver, original contributions on curling to the *Montreal Herald*, but afterwards extended to other subjects in the *Scottish American Journal*. These have ceased for some years, doubtless from the pressure of other and more serious occupations. His translations of the Odes of Horace into Scotch verse were happy imitations. A favourable specimen "The Charms of Country Life," is in the *Canadian Monthly* of 1879, the others having appeared in newspapers, and, so far as is known, have never been collected. He is another illustration of the fallacy of Sydney Smith's statement that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head.

### John Hunter Duvar.

In this issue we give a portrait of our esteemed contributor, the Master of Hernewood. The following brief critical biography of Mr. Duvar appeared in the *King's College Record* of February, 1889:

The first thought that strikes the reader of Hunter Duvar's poetry, is that, aside from its merits or demerits, here is a true Canadian, a man imbued with the true national instinct and aspirations of a Canadian. Working as a Canadian poet, to attain any eminence, one must always, or at any rate for the present, work on lines distinctively Canadian. Our friends at the south—the American humorists—whenever they have risen to real success, have held severely to the same principle. In accordance with this principle the poet lays the plot of his most important work in Canada.

John Hunter Duvar, the Bard of Hernewood, as he is called, was born on the 29th of August, 1830. He resided for a number of years in Halifax, N.S., whence he removed to Hernewood, his present place of residence, in Alberton County, P.E.I. He received a good education in Scotland, being as a student very fond of the classics and an eager reader of literature, the older English, French, Italian and Spanish being his familiar friends.

As is the experience of so many students, Mr. Duvar found several branches of study which he disliked intensely. Philological study is one of his especial aversions; he prefers "The Wisdom of the Ancients," without Lord Bacon's explanation; he never saw much fun in Euclid's etchings, but prefers Du Maurier's; and the starch of the verse of the era of Queen Anne is so intolerable to him that he says, "I am glad that she is dead."

He served for a good many years in the Canadian militia, from which he retired a short time ago with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Of late years he has been engaged in the Civil Service Fishery Department, which occupies most of his time, but still leaves leisure to keep up acquaintance with literature, a literature chiefly of the fine old crusted and crusty kind. He has for a long time kept up a desultory connection with the literary press, being at one time a contributor to the defunct *Maritime Monthly*, of St. John, N.B., and an occasional writer to the *Montreal Witness*.

Mr. Duvar did not become a writer in *malice prepense*, but drifted into that *metier* almost unconsciously; he has looked upon it more as an amusement than an art. His mind is Gothic—*flamboyant* Gothic—and his works show a strong tinge of mediævalism in his taste. In some of his works we see his strength, bold and impressive; while in others the simple beauty, outborne by aptness of imagery, is very charming. As a dramatist he is of no little power. He gives to his chief characters many contradictory qualities, which, as Macaulay says, is one of the chief aims of a dramatist. His shorter lyrics possess in an eminent degree those qualities which adapt them for song.

In 1879 "El Enamorado," a closet drama of the Spanish school, was published. There is a certain familiarity of address noticeable in this, which at times seems scarcely appropriate; but what strikes one most forcibly is the evident influence of the Shakespearean drama upon the genius of the author. Throughout the drama we find instances of this in scene, speech or trait of character. It is but natural, for any man who has "soaked" in Shakespeare, cannot fail to show traces of the Great Master in his work.

"See the gates

Are swinging on the hinges of the east,  
And out there wells the flush of morning-red  
That heralding the coming of the sun,

Encarnadines our lovely ladies' cheeks  
Making them living roses."

This reminds one forcibly of a somewhat similar passage in "Hamlet."

"But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

In 1888 was published what is of more interest to us, and has gained for Mr. Duvar more notice than the foregoing. This is "De Roberval," a Canadian drama, the time of the scene being the first colonization of Canada by the French. The traces of Shakespeare's influence, though by no means absent, are not so strong in this drama as in "El Enamorado." It contains many passages of beautiful description. Mr. Duvar, while he may loiter somewhat upon a scene which has taken his fancy, yet does not enter too closely into these minute details, which so often make a writer wearisome; for the proverb of old Hesiod that "Half is often greater than the whole," is eminently applicable to description. It would not be easy to find a more powerful piece of description than the passage in which the poet depicts that wonder of ours—Niagara. Here are a few lines from it:

"Above the flume

And all along the stately rocking shore  
The aged forests that, like sentinels  
With their gaunt shadows dim and tenebrous  
Shut in the world's wonder, echo it,  
While leagues away, through all the sylvan shades,  
Out borne by the vibrating earth and air,  
The cause unseen, the deep-toned murmur sounds  
Like rolling of the Almighty chariot wheels."

"The sprays,

In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,  
More than the incense of a thousand fanes,  
Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,  
While, as reminder of the promise made—  
Water should not again destroy the world,  
Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall,  
And through them flash the flung up water drops,  
Making a rain of rainbows."

Of different style, but none the less striking, is the following, a sweet and captivating little madrigal. It is a true gem:

Question. The rain is dripping from the leads,  
Cold, cold and dreary,  
And the summer flowers in the garden beds  
All hang their heads awary.  
Winter is coming on amain,—  
Shall we ever see those days again  
When one heart beat between us twain,  
Ever?  
Answer. Never.

Question. "Ever" is a long, long time,  
But not so long as "Never,"  
For the vows we made in our summer prime  
Were to last for ever and ever,  
But they have not worn a year and a day;  
Alas their memory! will it stay  
How long time? nor pass never away,  
Never?  
Answer. Ever, for ever.

In "The Emigration of the Fairies," a lively and fanciful poem, which appeared in 1888 along with "De Roberval," is pictured the poet's home, Hernewood, and a detachment of English fairies domiciled there. "Ptolemy on the Nile," which appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, December 15th, is one of the finest poems written by Hunter Duvar. To quote the words of the editor of the paper, "It would be hard to find a more skillful piece of workmanship than this picture of the Bard of Hernewood."

"The Triumph of Constancy" is a poem of some six hundred lines, written in blank verse. It shows most strongly the mediæval taste of the author. The following, apart from its being an excellent piece of description, is an example of the quaint diction of the poem:

"Ere long the dell grew wild and many-coved  
Taking the features of a mountain glen,  
Down which the brook, no more a mirror, flowed,  
But leaped and fretted in the cloven rifts,  
Making a sullen murmur 'mong the stones,  
Which, as he followed up towards its source,  
It led him to a hill of difficulty  
All seamed and riven, with landslips and dens  
Where stunted pines hung grasping with their roots,  
And plats of quaking bog beset the way,  
Where the black newts swam wriggling, and the efts  
Among the bulrush spears sat up and stared."

Mr. Duvar has just completed a work which is undergoing revision. It is "Bernesque," in Ottawa Rima, unlike anything that has been written in Canadian literature. Its name is Atlantis. A man of that country—namely, that part of Atlantis called Canada, wishes for a familiar spirit. His wish is granted in the shape of an *affrete*, Count Perdu, who proceeds to lead him through the range of the seven deadly sins. This will probably appear in the course of the year, and will no doubt be a valuable contribution to our literature.

Mr. Duvar has had no small share in building up the literature of Canada. He has gone about it in the right manner, for the surest way to raise our literature to the height which every patriot would see it occupy, is to make it thoroughly distinctive.

J. A. PAYZANT.





P. Q. R. A. MATCHES, COTE ST. LUC: VIEW AT FIRING POINT. (Holbrook, photo.)

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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#### HUMOROUS.

**HIS MOTHER:** What are you doing out there in the rain? The Terror: Gittin' wet. It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.

**HE:** Is not that a fire-fly over yonder tree? She (wearily): No; It's the morning star, I should imagine.

**"OH, DEAR!"** said the hen when she got home and found three broken eggs in her nest. "This spoils my set."

**SHE RECOVERED.**—Wife (who is always ailing): You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, John? Husband: With pleasure, my dear.

**"WHY** do you want your daughter sent to the reform school?" enquired the judge. "She has gone to writing society novels," groaned the stricken father.

**GUS DE SMITH:** I am head over ears in love with your daughter. Judge Peterby: I suppose those ears are the same ones over which you are in debt.

**ONE JOB LOST.**—Uncle Abner (entering): Say, is this a barber shop? The Artist: Naw; it's a tonsorial studio. Uncle Abner: Studio, eh? Wa-al, if you're only studyin' I'll go further. I want a man that knows the trade!

**CONVINCED.**—Police Captain: Have you attended to that burglary at Mr. Goodman's house? Detective: Yes; been at work on it all day. Police Captain: What is your conclusion? Detective: A robbery has been committed. Police Captain: Very well. Now go to work on these cases.

**DROWNING MAN:** Help! I am drowning! Stranger (on bank, hastily divesting himself of his clothes): Horrible! can't you swim? Drowning Man (rising to the surface and the occasion for the last time): Of course! But don't you see that notice on the bridge: "Swimming strictly forbidden here?"

**ACCORDING** to a telegram, "lightning struck a man in Springfield, Ohio, killed him, burned the sign of a cross on his back and then dug a hole in the ground the exact size and shape of a grave." It is also rumoured that the electric bolt paid all the funeral ex-

penses, ordered a monument for his grave, and offered to marry his widow, but this report lacks confirmation.

It is a remarkable fact that when a financier discovers a good thing he at once advertises the fact, so that everybody who will may come in. And in order not to crowd those who have taken advantage of his kind invitation, the financier is the first to step out. The kindness of a financier is quite pathetic.

#### Murders in the United States.

In the absence of a central bureau of criminal statistics in the United States other than an incomplete arrangement in connection with the decennial census returns, an American newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, has, for some years past, made an annual collection of all the published announcements of murder throughout the Union. From these the following appalling list for the past six years has been compiled:—

Year.	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3,377	103	219
1885	1,808	108	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	87	144
1889	3,567	95	175
Total of six years	14,770	558	975

Hence, of nearly 15,000 known murders, less than 4 per cent resulted in legal executions. Further, there were a large number of suicides, and doubtless many unreported murders. In only four of the States—viz: Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Maine—the death penalty does not exist. The lynchings chiefly occur in the southern and western States, where also the frequent habit of carrying weapons by private citizens is declared to be one of the principal causes of homicide.

#### Murder in England and Wales.

By collating the annually issued "Judicial Statistics" for the decade 1879 to 1888 inclusive, it is seen that during that period 672 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales for the crime of wilful murder. Of these, 299 were sentenced to death, whilst 373

were either acquitted or found insane—namely, 231 acquitted and 142 found insane. Of the 299 condemned to death, nearly one half, or 145, had their sentences commuted, whilst 154 were executed. Of the 299 sentenced capitally 50 were women, of whom nine were hanged. During the same decade there were 1,766 verdicts of "Wilful murder" returned by the juries at coroners' inquests in England and Wales. Hence rather more than one third of the known murders resulted in arrests. In the above ten years, the convictions resulting from all cases of legal procedure, including summary convictions and fines, averaged 79 per cent. on committals; whilst the convictions arising from criminal trials or indictable offences only averaged 77 per cent. The capital convictions averaged 45 per cent.: but the actual infliction of the punishment of death was under 23 per cent. In the first year of the decade, 1879, there were 60 persons committed for trial for wilful murder, of whom 34 were condemned and 16 hanged. In the last year of that period, 1888, there were 90 persons committed, of whom 36 were condemned and 22 executed.

#### De Quincey's Great Fault.

One of De Quincey's great faults, it is said, was his inability to adapt his conversation to the intelligence of his hearer. He would address a servant-maid or a porter in the most extravagant diction. While stopping at Professor Wilson's he once gave the cook some directions as to the way in which he wished his meat cut, with the grain or fibre instead of across it, and he delivered himself as follows: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form." The humble Scotchwoman, in telling her mistress of it, exclaimed: "Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at!"